Florida WILDLIFE

FLORIDA DOVE HUNT

LAKE & STREAM SURVEY

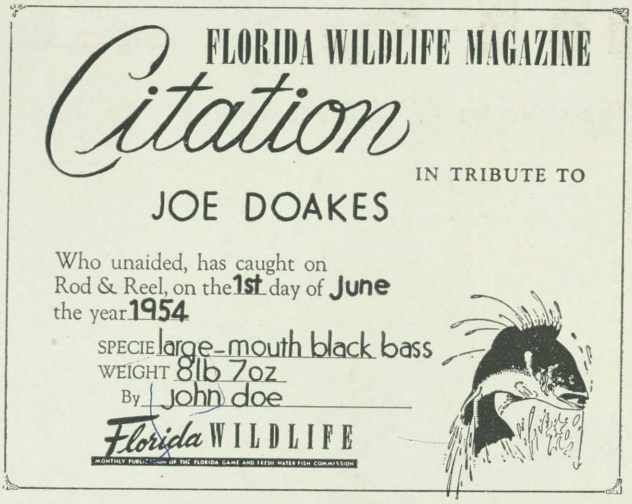
HUNTING REGULATIONS

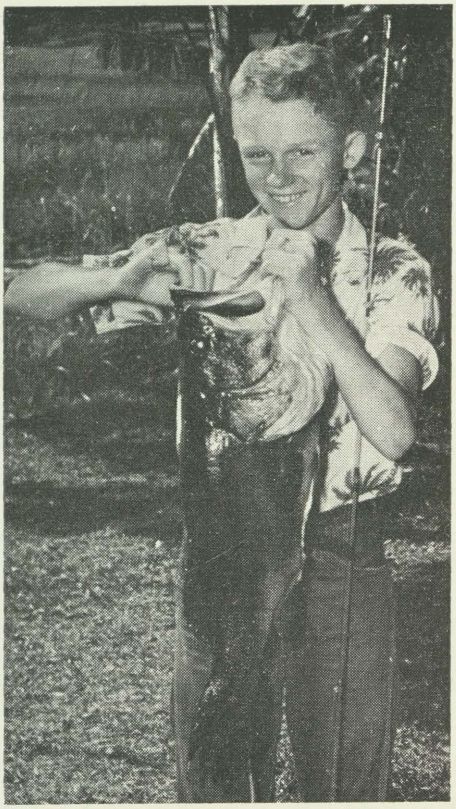
OCTOBER, 1955 *The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen* 25 CENTS

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

Fishing Citation

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"





ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES	
LARGEMOUTH BASS	8 pounds or larger
BLUEGILL (BREAM)	1 pound or larger
SHELLCRACKER	2 pounds or larger
CHAIN PICKEREL	3 pounds or larger
BLACK CRAPPIE	2 pounds or larger
RED BREAST	1 ½ pounds or larger

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE **Date**_____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name_____ **Address**_____

Species of Fish_____ **Weight**_____ **Length**_____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used_____

Where Caught_____ **Date**_____

Catch Witnessed by_____

Registered, Weighed by _____ **of**_____

_____
(Signature of Applicant)

VOL. 9, NO. 5

Florida WILDLIFE

OCTOBER, 1955

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish

★

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JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

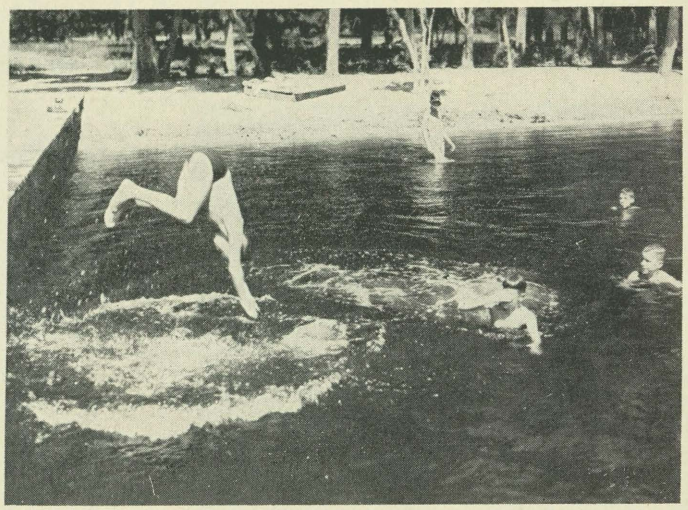
Photos By
Wallace Hughes

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

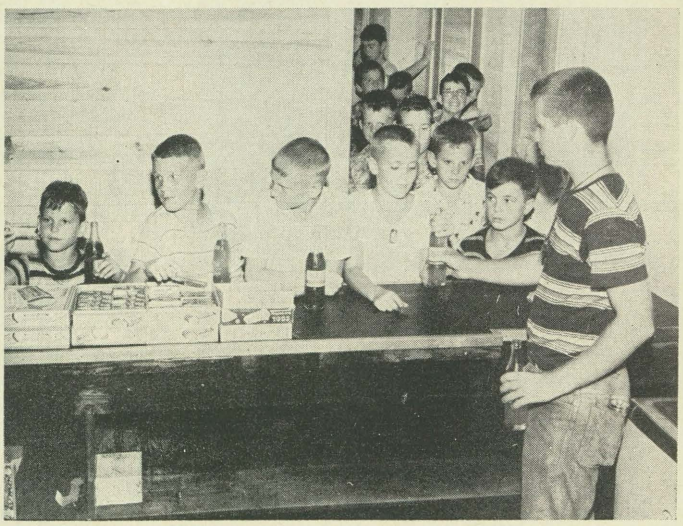
Fawns are fun for everyone. "Bah-Bah," the fawn deer, instantly won the hearts of all Junior Leaguers. Typical camp mascots ranged from tadpoles and turtles through snakes, salamanders and butterflies, with "Bah-Bah" always taking top honors.

Canteen lineup brings forth pennies, nickels and dimes. The Junior Camp is being built through donations from private citizens and civic, business and sportsman's organizations. Only four of the 10 cabins have been donated so far. Six are yet to be paid for by public-spirited citizens.

Wildlife classes are an important part of any summer camp. Boys and girls from all sections of Florida received expert instructions from wildlife experts. A portion of the $10,000 mess hall was used as a classroom this year, pending future construction of a recreation hall.



If there's nothing else on the schedule, a boy can always take a running dive into Lake Eaton, situated in the midst of the beautiful Ocala National Forest. The Junior Conservation Camp is now ranked among the outstanding conservation camps. Camp is only half completed.



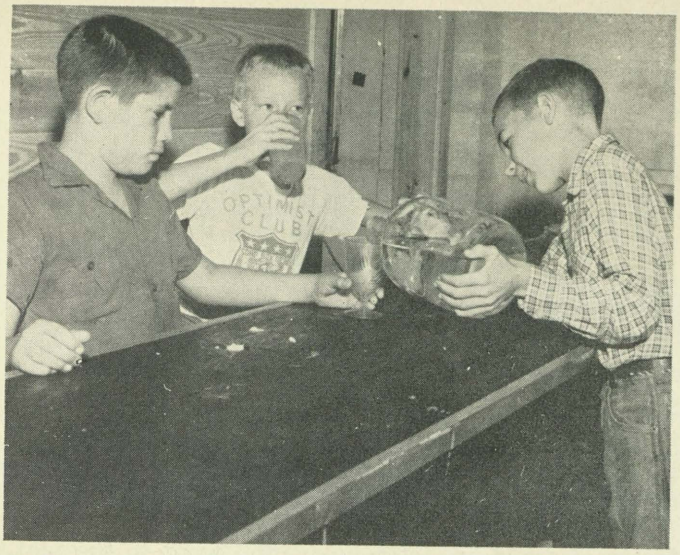
Money CAN Buy Happiness

You can't buy happiness for yourself, but you can help buy it for someone else. Donations from all parts of Florida helped buy happiness for 414 children at the Junior Conservation Camp this summer.

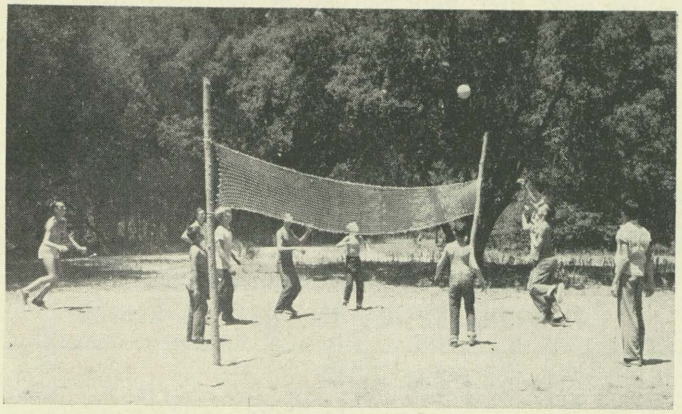
You can buy a share of happiness for a deserving child by making a contribution to the Junior Conservation Camp Construction Program. An additional $10,000 is now needed to pay outstanding construction costs, and complete the camp for next summer's operation.

A Christmas check to the Conservation Camp might fit nicely on your shopping list. And you needn't wait for Christmas. Your donation is needed now.

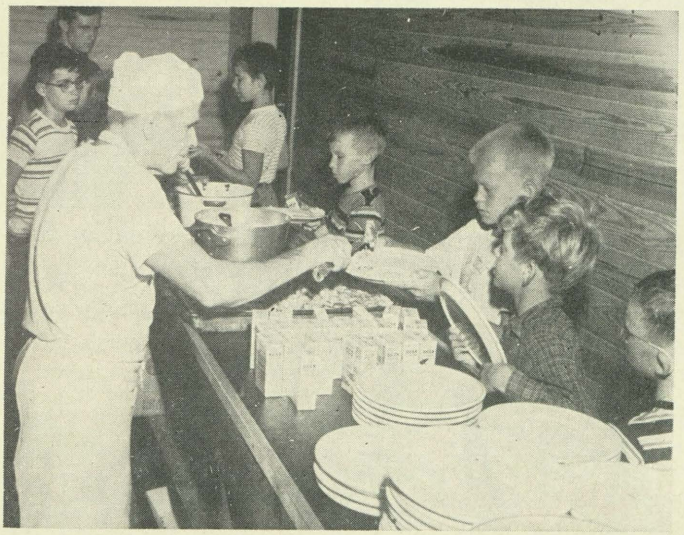
Yes, money can buy happiness—when you donate it to the Junior Conservation Camp. Not charity—but an investment in the youth of Florida.



Nothing like a cool drink of clear water for the afternoon break. And there's nothing like a summer camp to rub the corners off a kid's personality. The Junior Camp stresses character development and conservation training. It takes a lot of things to make a real camp.



Organized sports under the Florida sun. The Lake Eaton camp handled 414 youngsters this year. Plans for handling 1,000 children next summer are already being developed. It takes a lot of money to operate a camp like this—but it's an investment in the future of conservation in Florida.



Nobody wants fancy food at a summer camp. Keep it plain, but give us lots of it, is a common remark. Another $10,000 is needed to complete the camp. Donations may range from pennies to frying-pans, from fishing tackle to thousand-dollar checks. Is there anything more worthwhile than a camp for kids?

SCREW-WORM ERADICATION

SCIENTISTS' FORECASTS of more deer in Florida are based on the recent eradication of the screw-worm fly from the island of Curacao by the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Entomology Research Branch in cooperation with the officials of the Netherlands Antilles.

Entomologists now feel that with the completion of additional research the stage will be set for the eventual eradication of this greatest of all wildlife and livestock pests from the southeastern United States, thereby stopping losses from this cause.

Knowing the biology of the screw-worm fly and a little about atomic energy, the entomologists concluded that they had the key to the eradication of Mr. Screw-Worm Fly. Tests in the Kerrville, Texas, laboratory, followed by field tests on Sanibel and Captiva Islands, Florida, showed them that they were on the right track, but it took an island sufficiently removed from possible infiltration from the outside to prove their theory.

They knew that the female fly mates only once in a lifetime, but that the male will mate probably a dozen times. They reasoned that, by saturating a wild fly population with males that had been made sterile by exposure to radioactive cobalt, which they could get through the Oak Ridge (Tennessee) National Laboratory, they could break the life cycle and thereby destroy the entire wild screw-worm fly population.

It worked. By releasing 400 sterilized males per square mile per week for 4 months they wiped out the entire screw-worm fly population from Curacao's 170 square miles.

Although screw-worms attack any warm-blooded animals, including man, they seem to be especially bad on deer. During the summers of 1949 and 1950 on certain islands off the South Carolina coast where the tick population was extremely high, almost all the deer were killed by screw-worms. Tick bites on the heads and ears of the deer provided perfect places for screw-worm infestations. Once the female fly had laid her eggs and the larvae hatched out and started digging in, these sores were better than ever for more eggs, and hence more worms. Soon the deer, weakened by the pain, loss of blood, and agony caused by the worms, would hide away and die a horrible death.

Wildlife biologists seem well agreed that once a young fawn gets an infestation in the navel (and probably in the mouth from gnawing at the navel) it is not likely to survive. If the infestation does not actually kill it, the fawn is usually so weakened that it is unable to nurse and hence starves to death or is killed by some predatory animal.

Bucks rubbing the velvet from their horns seem to be especially susceptible to the attacks of screw-worms.

Who can tell? Maybe in a few years we will be rid of this terrible pest, and the animals, instead of being destroyed, will be left for the use and pleasure of all. Then, too, hunters will not get their deer or bear only to find them spoiled by screw-worms, as reported by Don Strode from Ocala National Forest last season.

END

BATTLE OF THE PLUMES

By MASON WOOLFORD

DOWN HERE on Sunrise Drive there's a great big white egret that comes around for a handout every afternoon. I got to talking to the fellow who was tossing out minnows for his feathered friend. It developed that he could remember when the sight of one of these birds was a rarity to put in the papers.

"You mean," I asked, "a person couldn't go along the waterfront and see one of these big white rubbernecks?" And he assured me that a fellow could travel all the way from here to yonder and back and never see a one.

Now that was a thing to wonder about, for to me, Florida wouldn't be Florida without the egrets, herons and cranes decorating the scenery. So I began looking into the mystery of the missing birds. And I came up with a story involving high finance, low murder, arson, slaughter, and the eventual triumph of goodness and mercy.

Way back yonder in the days of frenzied millinery, some fellow in Paris stuck an egret plume on a lady's headdress. That was along about 1870. By the year 1900, the American egret and his smaller cousin the snowy egret were faced with total extinction. The only ones left alive were cowering in a pitifully few rookeries in the far reaches of the Everglades. Not only egrets, but other beauties of the heron family were slaughtered to satisfy the demands of fashion.

Then, in 1901, the Audubon Society induced the Florida Legislature to enact a bird protection law. But there were no funds to enforce the new law, so the slaughter continued unabated. The Society raised some money and hired four wardens to guard the most important of the few remaining rookeries. One of them, Guy Bradley, of Cape Sable, was brutally murdered by plume hunters. Although the killer got off with a plea of self-defense, his neighbors burned his house and ran him out of town.

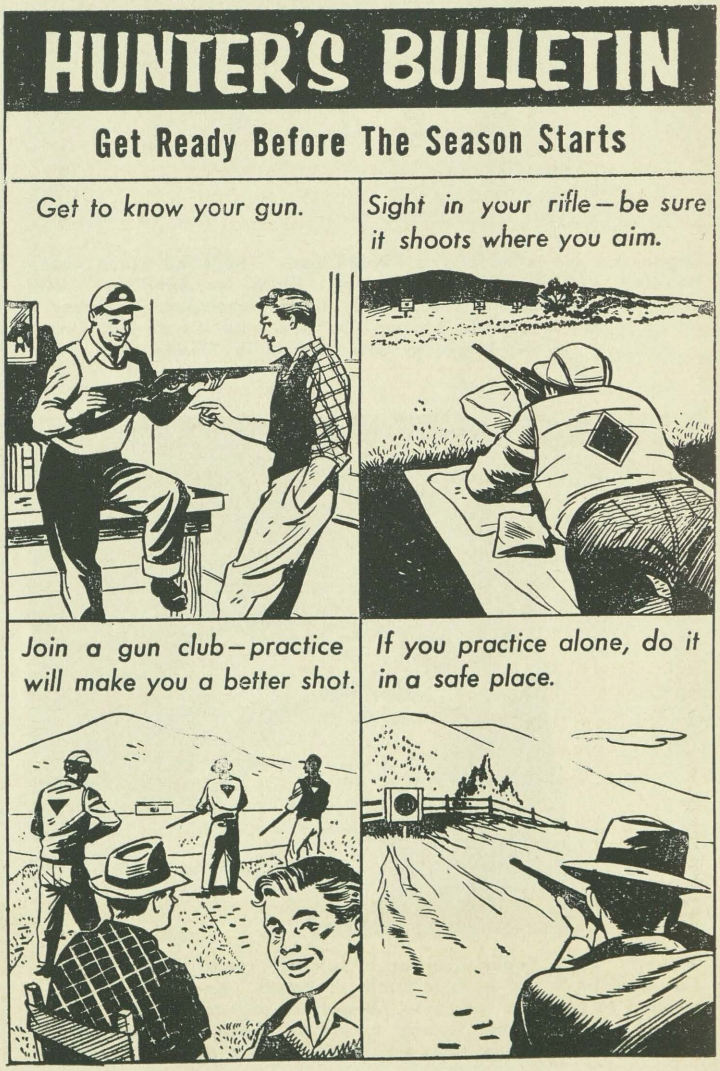
Following the shooting of another warden, the Society launched a national campaign of education. Many of us can remember hearing of the slaughter of these birds and the death by starvation of their young. An aroused public finally forced some action. Of course the feather industry put on a big show in opposition. It was really big business at the time, representing investments of some $17,000,000, centered in the City of New York.

The battle raged in the Legislature at Albany, where the great Al Smith got into the row with the argument that suppression of the trade would throw 20,000 workers out of jobs. Highly paid lobbyists contended that the plumes were picked up under the trees and no birds were killed by the hunters. The Audubon people countered by waiving bloody scalps torn from living egrets. Finally, on May 7, 1910, Governor Hughes signed the bill outlawing the sale of these feathers in New York.

Plumes continued to pour into the country from abroad, however. Hunters of the Everglades smuggled their precious feathers across to Cuba, whence they found their way to Europe and back to our ports.

Then the fight went to Congress, where the same forces of greed and of conservation went to the mat, and again the Audubon people waved the bloody scalps to such good effect that the importation was prohibited. Many a stylish lady, disembarking from Paris, found her lovely plumes ruthlessly siezed by the Customs men.

The next time you see one of those tall, dignified birds standing in the pond, or soaring high above the trees, or perched on a dock waiting for a friendly handout, give a thought to the courage and vision of those who fought for their preservation. END.


HUNTER'S BULLETIN
Get Ready Before The Season Starts
Get to know your gun.
Sight in your rifle—be sure it shoots where you aim.
Join a gun club—practice will make you a better shot.
If you practice alone, do it in a safe place.

The Eastern Gray Squirrel

By ROSS ALLEN and
WILFRED T. NEILL
Ross Allen's Reptile Institute, Silver Springs, Fla.

PHOTO BY JOHN H. GERARD

THREE DISTINCT species of squirrels are found in Florida: the big fox squirrel which we discussed in *Florida Wildlife* for June, 1955; the little flying squirrel described in *Florida Wildlife* for June, 1954; and the eastern gray squirrel, often called "cat squirrel" in the South.

The eastern gray squirrel is a familiar animal throughout much of North America. It is found from South Florida northward into Ontario and New Brunswick, and from the Atlantic coast westward to Minnesota and Oklahoma. It has a close relative, the western gray squirrel, on the Pacific coast. The eastern species is a fair-sized tree squirrel with a flattened, bushy tail, and is predominantly gray in coloration.

The eastern gray squirrel is mostly an inhabitant of hardwood forests, especially those with an abundance of oaks and hickories. The animal feeds to a considerable extent upon acorns and hickory nuts, as well as upon other nuts, buds, fruits, seeds, berries, grain, and insects. Once in a while the gray squirrel raids a bird's nest, devouring eggs or baby birds; but it is mainly a vegetarian. Its feeding habits occasionally bring it into conflict with man's interests, for it will raid corn patches, orchards, and pecan or walnut groves. However, in most places the gray squirrel is well liked, and its relatively minor depredations are not held against it.

This animal, although shy in the wild, will become used to man's society, and consequently will thrive in city parks or suburban areas. In many parks the squirrels become tame enough to accept peanuts from one's hand. Because the gray squirrel becomes friendly, and is so amusing to watch, it has been imported to other parts of the world and liberated in parks and zoological gardens.

The gray squirrel is popular with the hunter, also; it is, in fact, one of the most important small game animals in this country. Many thousands are killed each year, for sport, food, and hides. One reason for the squirrel's popularity is its availability; often the hunter can bag a few squirrels even if other game is scarce. Some people refuse to eat squirrel, saying the animal resembles a rat; but most outdoorsmen really go for fried squirrel, or for biscuits and squirrel gravy!

Man is not the only creature that finds the squirrel a tasty meal. Most of the carnivorous animals and birds of the forest prey upon the little gray rodent. Known enemies of the squirrel include the gray fox, red fox, bobcat, lynx, weasel, marten, barred owl, horned owl, and various hawks. The canebrake rattlesnake and several kinds of rat snakes occasionally eat gray squirrels, also. Automobiles kill a great many squirrels, and along a stretch of woods-bordered highway one can usually see the dead bodies of these little rodents.

In spite of this heavy mortality, the gray squirrel remains fairly common in most areas. However, it appears to be much less abundant than in former times. About seventy-five or a hundred years ago, it literally swarmed in many parts of the country. A man could easily bag a hundred squirrels in a morning's hunting, according to some early accounts. At times, vast hordes of squirrels would move across the country, migrating for unknown reasons, swimming lakes and rivers, and laying waste to cornfields and vegetable gardens in their path. These great swarms of squirrels were both the marvel and the despair of the early settlers, who had to stand guard over their fields night and day until the rodents had passed. Today, these great flocks of squirrels are no longer seen, but smaller migrations are occasionally observed.

(Continued on Page 49)

KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE

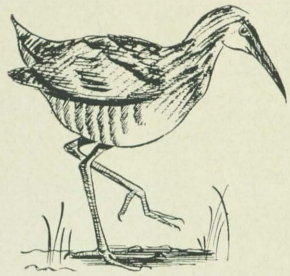
GAME LAWS A
1955–

MARSH HEN

The marsh hen season opened September 10, 1955 and will end November 8, 1955 at sunset.

The daily shooting hours on the marsh hen or rail are one half hour before sunrise until sunset and hunting will be permitted every day.

The daily bag limit is 10 and the possession limit is 20. This does not mean that you can kill 20 marsh hens in one day. The regulation gives a hunter the privilege of having 10 marsh hens in the deep freeze and still be able to hunt.



The daily bag limit on sora rails is 25 with the possession limit also set at 25.

The regulations for the taking of this bird are about the same as last year. No shotgun capable of holding more than three shells in the magazine and chamber combined can be used in the taking of marsh hens nor can rifles be used.

The shooting from a boat with an outboard motor attached is still prohibited and will be enforced. This also applies to an inboard boat and motor. A state hunting license is required by every hunter 15 years of age and over.

GENERAL RULES

Hunting Regulations 1955-56 Season

All dates shown are inclusive. Opening day, closing day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day are open to hunting. Should any one of the above holidays fall on a Sunday, the Monday following such holiday will be open to hunting.

Bow and arrow and cross bows permitted for taking of game animals and game birds.

Shot guns must be limited to 3-shell capacity (magazine and chamber combined).

Sale of native game prohibited.

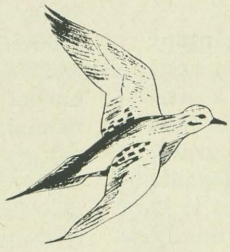
No open season on doe deer, fawn deer, spotted or Axis deer, buck deer with antlers of less than 5 inches in length, cub bear, Ross' goose, snow goose, brant, swan, and non-game birds.

Unprotected are English sparrow, sharp skinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, great horned owl, crow, jackdaw, buzzard, weasel, skunk, flying squirrel, opossum, red and gray fox, bobcat, raccoon.

DOVE

The dove season again this year is split into two parts consisting of a total of 45 half days.

The first part of the season begins at 12 o'clock noon on October 8 and ends October 23 at sunset. The second part of the dove season will start at 12 o'clock noon December 3 and end at sunset on December 31.



Only afternoon shooting is permitted on doves this season with the shooting hours from 12 o'clock noon to sunset, hunting permitted every day.

The daily bag and possession limit remains the same as last year, 8 doves.

The regulations governing the taking of this migratory bird also remain the same as last year. No shotguns capable of holding more than three shells in the magazine and chamber combined can be used in the taking of doves. No rifles are permitted and all persons 15 years of age and over must secure a license before hunting.

ALLIGATOR

The regulations governing alligator remain the same as last year. The open season for the taking

of alligator is June 1 through January 31. The minimum size limit is set at six feet.

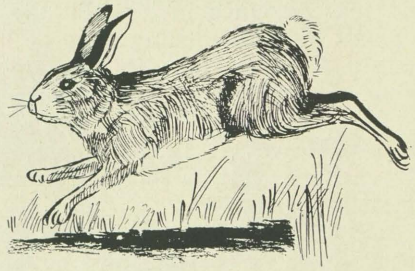
The ten southernmost counties and Escambia county remain *closed* to the taking of alligator.

Hunters are required to have a special hunting permit which may be obtained from the regional manager's office at no cost.

RABBIT

Rabbit, both cotton tail and swamp, are declared to be game animals. The season is 12 months of the year with no bag limit or possession limit set.

A hunting license is required to



take rabbit during the regular open season for game animals, game birds, and migratory birds.

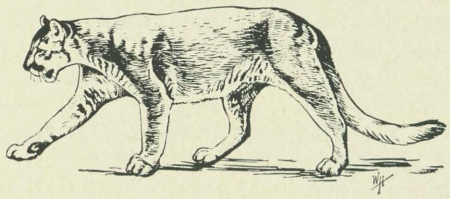
Rabbit may be taken at night under permit from the Director when they are found damaging personal property.

BEAR AND PANTHER

Bear and panther have been declared to be game animals and they may be taken only during the open season for the taking of deer and during special managed bear hunts.

Day's and season's bag on both species is limited to one, possession

ND HUNT RULES —1956



of bear and panther is limited to one.

Bear and panther may be taken under permit from the Director when they are found damaging personal property.

Cub bear are protected at all times.

OSCEOLA AND APALACHICOLA BEAR HUNT

Open Season: Osceola Hunt — October 2 to October 29, one three day hunt per week.

Apalachicola Hunt—October 2 to October 29, two three day hunts per week.

Legal Game: One bear and one panther; no limit on fox, skunk, opossum, bobcat, civet cat, rabbit.

Permit: A special party permit is required in addition to license requirements to participate in the bear hunts. The fee for this permit is $50.00 per hunt. Permits for Osceola Hunt may be secured from Regional Manager, P. O. Box 908, Lake City; for Apalachicola Hunt from Regional Manager, P. O. Box 576, Panama City. Hunt parties must be limited to 17 persons except upon approval of Hunt Supervisor.

Special Hunt Rules:

1. Shooting hours will be one-half hour before sunrise to sunset. Hunting days in any one week may be changed by approval of the Hunt Director. No Sunday hunting.
2. A qualified hunt director will accompany each hunting party.
3. Only one shoulder weapon (hi-powered rifle or shotgun not smaller than 16 gauge) plus one side arm will be permitted for each hunter. Rifle ammunition must be hollow point soft nose type. Hunting with full automotic type weapons is prohibited.
4. Hunting parties may camp on the National Forest at locations approved by the Forest Service Ranger in charge of the District.
5. Each hunt party will report kill or kills to the Hunt Director before leaving the area.
6. Application for permit shall be filed with Regional Managers by September 15 accompanied by check. Drawings will be held to determine period and party to be permitted.

OCALA ARCHERY HUNT

Hunt Area: Beginning at Davenport Landing and proceeding west and south to Eureka Bridge, the boundary is the Oklawaha River; proceeding east from Eureka Bridge, the boundary is Forest Road 19 to its interesection with Forest Road No. 65; proceeding north from this intersection, the boundary follows Forest Road 65 to the intersection of the River Road; thence northwest on the River Road to Davenport Landing.

Open Season: October 14 to 23, hunting permitted every day.

Legal Game: All legal game, except that no hunter can take more than two of any combination of deer, bear and panther. Deer, bear and panther taken on this hunt will be considered part of the hunter's annual bag and the deer must be tagged as provided in State Regulations.

Permit: A special archery hunt permit costing $5.00 will be required in addition to regular license requirements. Sale of this permit will be handled by the Hunt Super-

(Continued on Page 46)

MIGRATORY BIRD REGULATIONS

Species	*Season*	*Day's Bag*	*Possession*
RAIL & GALLINULE (marsh hen)	Sepember 10—November 8 Hunting permitted every day	10 SORAS 25	20 25
WATERFOWL & COOT	November 7—January 15 Hunting permitted every day	Duck - 4* Geese - 2 Coot - 10	Duck - 8* Geese - 2 Coot - 10
DOVE	October 8—October 23 and December 3—December 31 Hunting permitted every day from 12 o'clock noon until sunset	8	8
WOODCOCK	November 23—January 1 Hunting permitted every day	4	8
SNIPE	December 24—January 7 Hunting permitted every day	8	8

* Only one hooded merganser permitted in day's bag and possession.
Only one wood duck permitted in day's bag, two in possession.

FLORIDA DOVE HUNT

Legal shooting began at 12 noon, and Florida Wildlife Officers were on hand to inspect hunters' licenses. Before hectic afternoon ended this officer was accidentally "peppered" on four different occasions with birdshot.

Common procedure during Florida dove hunt is to pick yourself out a tree, squat down at the base and keep your eyes open.

Right—For this type of hunting one must be able to pivot and shoot fast, before wildly flying doves zip out of range. The bird (right side of photo) has just been killed.

By GEORGE X. SAND

WHEN FLORIDA OFFICIALLY opened the first half of its split dove season last October thousands of eager shotgunners took to fields and sparsely wooded areas throughout the long peninsula state.

Shortly before the legal shooting hour (noon) a group of about 150 such happy men assembled at a large clearing which borders a rock pit in Broward County, West of the little farming town of Deerfield Beach on the Florida lower east coast. The weed-grown, lightly timbered field had won a reputation for being a good dove site, and the hunters, who had come from as far away as Miami and West Palm Beach, hurriedly took up firing positions beneath the pine trees, each determined to bag his share.

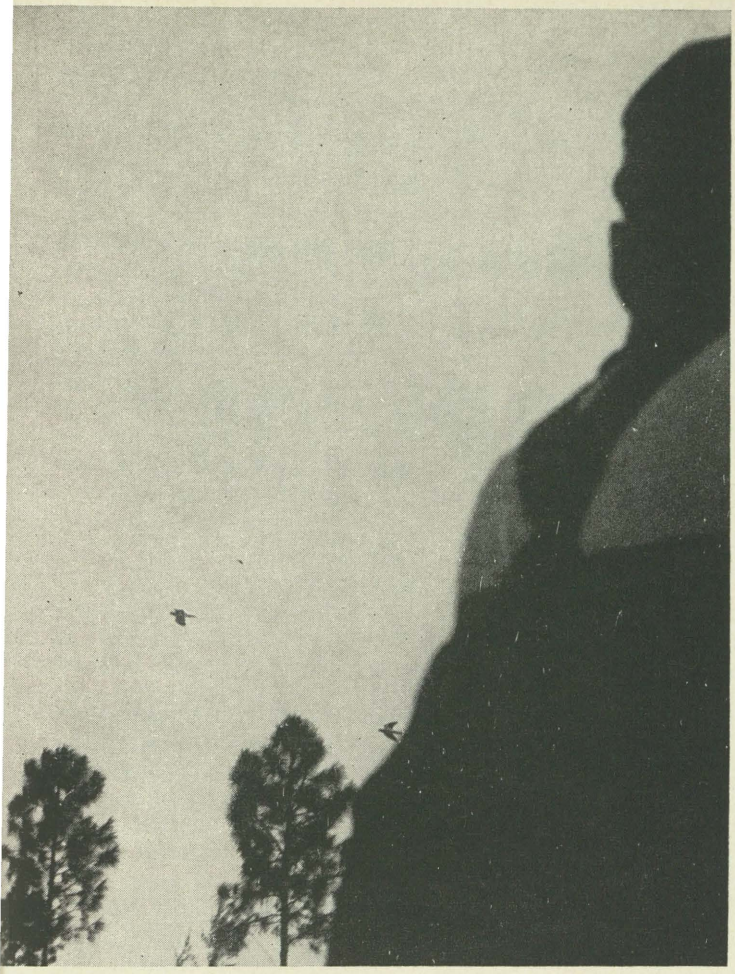
Some, however, made the mistake of not providing safe distances between themselves and their over-anxious neighbors. As covey after covey of unsuspecting (and later confused) mourning doves returned to swoop down into the favorite field the sharp rattle of gunfire broke out on all sides. Together with the din, the air filled with the acrid odor of burnt powder, bringing back memories of the battlefield for many. Despite warning cries of "Too low — *too low!*" from those seasoned hunters who wisely refused to risk shooting at the birds, often but head-high, there were those selfish individuals who pulled trigger anyway.

Result: one hunter seated alongside the cameraman was shot painfully, although not seriously, in the back. Another was burned on the elbow. Still another was stung against the ear. One of the conservation officers who had been assigned to check licenses and bag limits in the hectic field was seared with birdshot no less than four times.

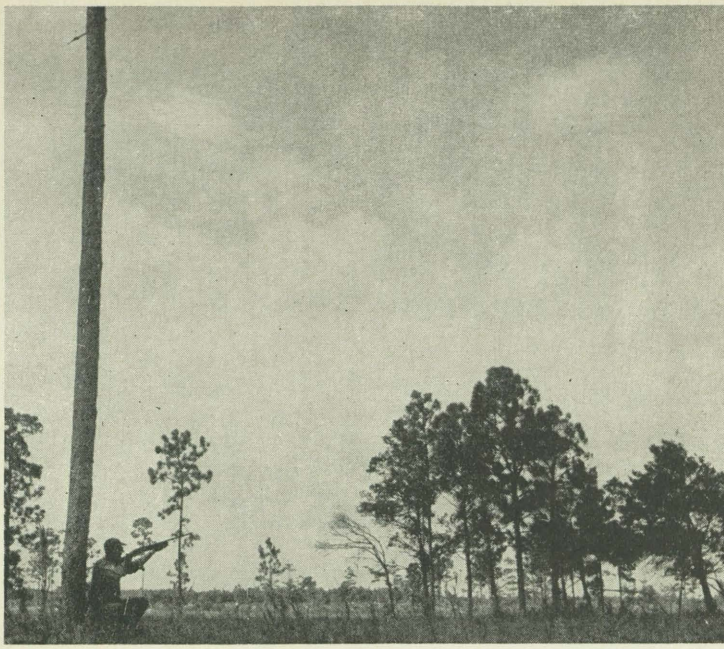
When wildly directed pellets brought blood to his young son's face, a wrathful father hustled the injured boy into their car, to be driven home to his mother, meanwhile expressing loud and bitter opinions of these "damn fools with guns".

The next day it was all over. The birds had gone.

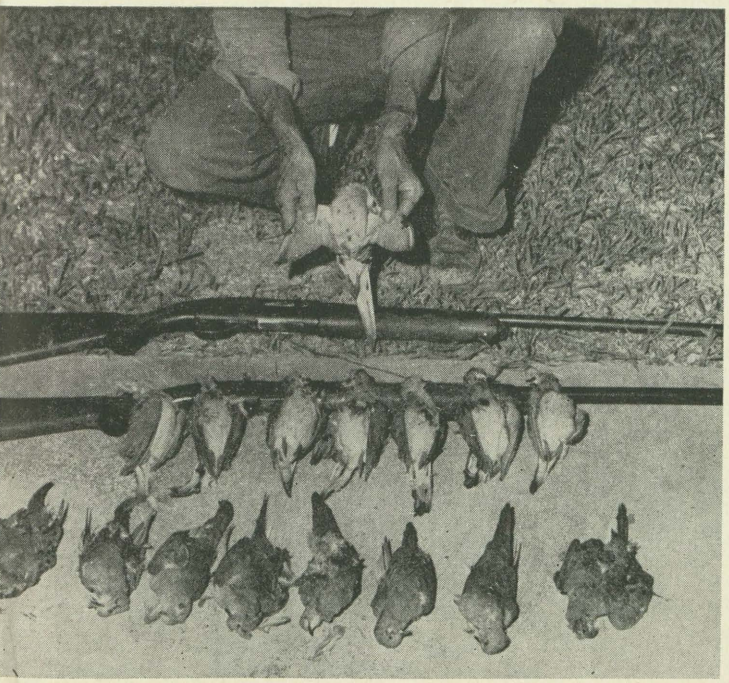
END.



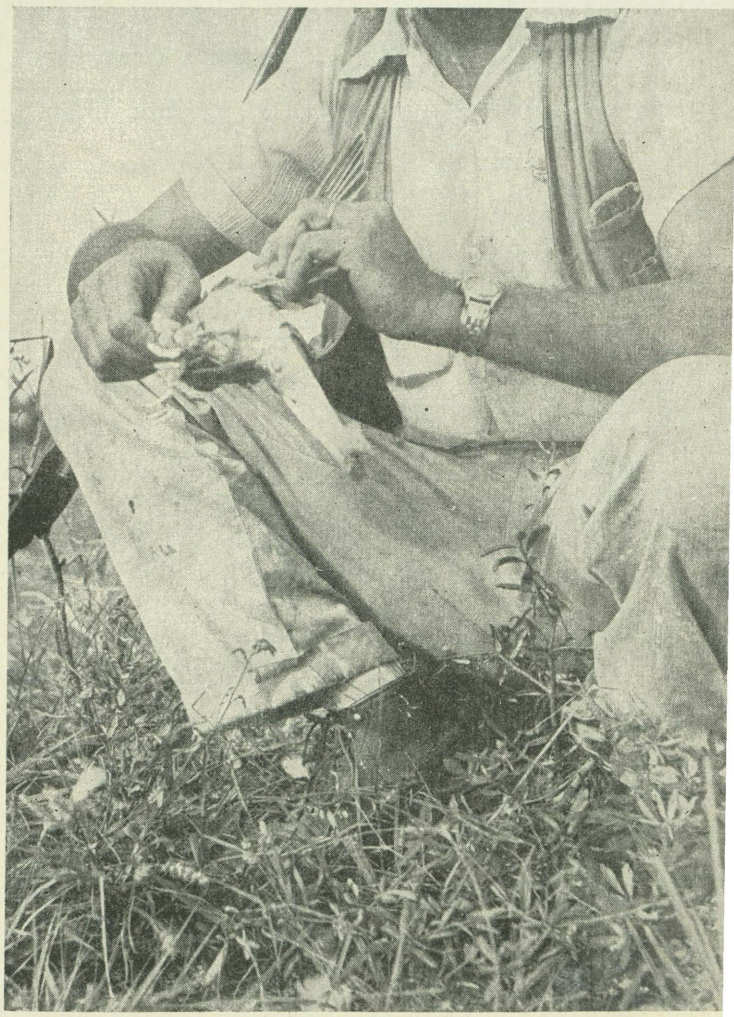
Mourning doves are swift, erratic fliers, provide difficult targets.



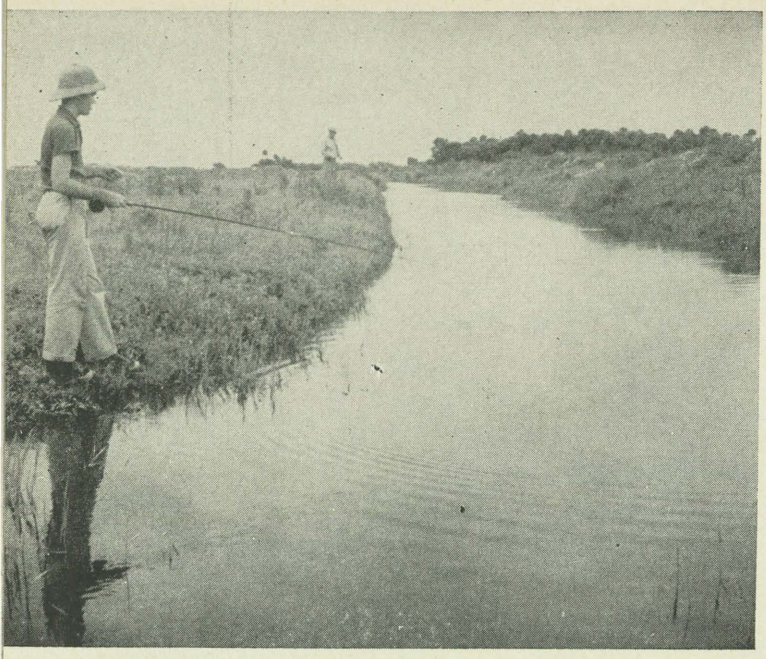
Collins and second hunter at lower right simultaneously shoot same bird. This happened often throughout the afternoon.



Two guns, and two limits of doves.



It is practice of dove hunters to pick feathers from birds during shooting lulls, thereby doing away with chore upon return home.



"If you want to be technical, it's really well water in a ditch," said Henry.

WELL WATER WARRIORS

By CHUCK SCHILLING

YOU HAVE, NO DOUBT, used the expression, "Easy as shooting fish in a barrel," when describing some easily accomplished feat or chore. While we are all familiar with this old saying, no one is expected to take it seriously or literally.

Imagine, then, my surprise, when my friend, Henry Jernigan, of Fort Pierce, began telling me a tall tale of making exceptional catches of big bass from an artesian well.

I said, "Whoa up, now, Henry — you surely don't expect me to believe you catch big bass in a well."

"Well," said Henry, who is well-known for his dry sense of humor, "If you want to be technical, it's really well water in a ditch, which is the same thing in the long run."

Further discussion on this fascinating subject brought to light the additional information that Henry and his son, Bob, were planning a little well water fishing trip for the following morning. Fortunately, I, also, just happened to have some free time the next morning, and plans were soon made to include me in the trip to the well. Bring on your old oaken bucket.

Nothing could have been less promising than the next morning. From daylight until 9:30 a.m., it rained in a constant and heavy downpour. By 10 a.m., the skies had cleared a trifle, but a steady drizzle was falling, and several dark thunderheads could be seen hanging in the Heavens like brooding jinn of ill omen.

To make matters worse, the Solunar Tables put the major feeding period on that day at 7 to 9 a.m., (at these hours, even a duck would have drowned) and a previous engagement made it necessary for me to be back in town no later than 2 p.m. Many lesser anglers would have thrown in the sponge (soaked), but Henry and Bob were made of sterner stuff.

To the accompaniment of Henry's remark that the bass were wet anyway and wouldn't know the difference, we piled into the jeep and started out, with me clutching my camera case to my breast like a Mother holding her infant babe from harm.

This trip only strengthened my opinion that jeeps are a wonderful vehicle except when they are jarring your teeth out in rough going or drowning you when it's wet. In neither case are they ideal for the transportation of the delicate mechanisms and precision optics of fine cameras. At that, they beat shank's mare or mule back, the only other transportation that could have negotiated this terrain on this particular wet morning.

At a spot ten or twelve miles west of Fort Pierce, we turned north, first unlocking a huge gate. This was private land, part of a large cattle ranch. We splashed on to the north, using cattle trails and picking what high ground we could find. We finally came to a ditch spanned by a wooden bridge. Henry said, "This is it."

Nothing could have looked less inviting. The rain was still falling, and while we set up our rods, Henry told of the reason for the well. It seems the ditch was dug and the well put down to insure a constant supply of drinking water for the cattle. Any time the water level in the ditch gets low, the valve in the well is opened and the water is allowed to run until the ditch fills up again. Looking over the drowned countryside, it seemed to me there was little likelihood of this happening, although in the flat, low lying lands of south Florida, a few inches of rain can often spell the difference between drouth and flood, and the well is, undoubtedly, the only practical answer where a constant water supply is necessary.

The whole setup is perfect for bass and bass fishing. The fish get an ample and constant water supply, and the fishermen get a ditch, complete with landscaped banks, courtesy of the grazing cattle. Of course, the proximity of many cattle poses other problems, and one has to watch his step about these.

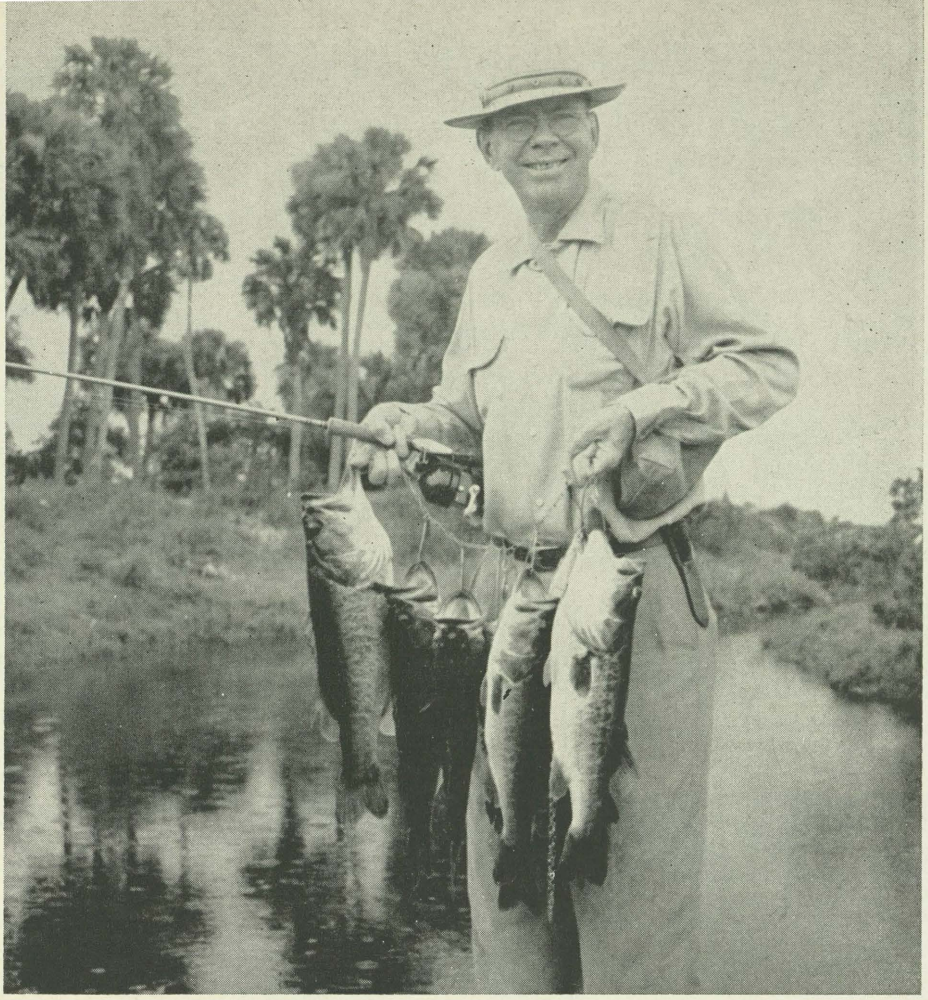
Henry and Bob decided to use fly rods and popping bugs, while I elected to use a light spinning outfit just to be different. Getting my outfit set up, I stepped to the water's edge and made a cast with a Spin-I-Diddee just in the way of practice. The spinners on the plug had turned but a few times when I was fast to a leaping, charging bass. The bass took one look at the situation and tore off down the canal with me in hot pursuit. It is while running along the canal bank where the step watching mentioned before becomes most important.

Six pound test mono and nimble footwork soon had my prize played out, and as I walked back toward the jeep, I couldn't help but notice what a tremendous difference just one 5 lb. bass had made.

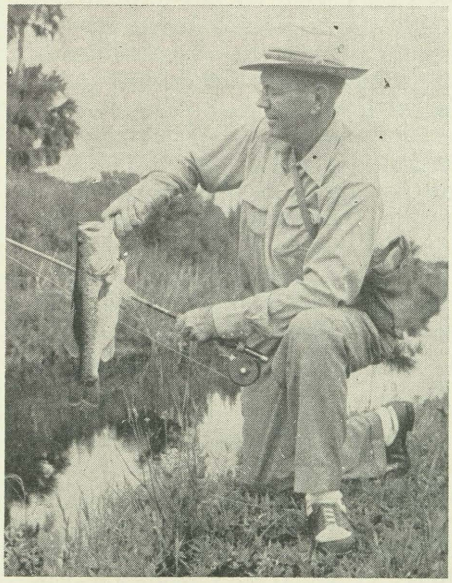
My wet feet, that I had considered ruefully only a few minutes before, now felt just cool and comfortable. I noticed with appreciation the intricate patterns the raindrops made on the blades of grass and on the occasional spider webs. The rain patterns on the still water surface of the ditch and the low hanging clouds now seemed my ally, and I breathed a sigh of relief that a hot sun was not blazing down on the back of my neck.

Yes, sir — a fine day for fishing. My spirits were not the only ones lifted by the good omen of a bass on the first cast. Henry and Bob decided that raincoats were not necessary after all. Who cares about a little rain? Snuffy, Bob Jernigan's beagle pup, decided to be our self-elected champion and first line of defense against the nearby cows, an important chore for such a small dog.

It was in this spirit of enthusiasm we started out. In the hour and a half or so until noon, we fished about a mile of this well water (in a long run) and put 8 lovely bass on our stringer. We agreed to keep 8 fish for the three of us. These bass were all in the 5 lb. class, and we released many times this number to fight another day. In the clear water of the ditch, the bass were resplendent with light color and distinct markings and were fat and sassy with their good living. Their fighting ability left nothing to be desired.



The exceptional fishing these well water ditches have to offer has drawn the sports fishermen as iron shavings to a magnet. Henry displays the proof.



Henry holds a well water bass that slammed a popping bug so hard he jumped out on the bank in the process. He'll be more cautious next time.

A particularly hard shower at noon drove us to the shelter of a clump of palms and to a lunch of crackers, sardines, canned Vienna sausage and canned peaches. With the rain filtering down through the green unbrella overhead, it seemed to me no meal in recent years had been so good.

After lunch, the voice of duty called to me in an unmistakable voice, and Bob was good enough to drive me back to town. I later learned that the fishing continued to be good for Bob and Henry the rest of the day.

After my first taste of well water angling, I made some inquiries along these lines and found there is a surprising amount of this type of fishing going on in the state.

At present, these well fed ditches are mostly on private property, in spite of which the exceptional fishing they have to offer has drawn the sports fishermen as iron shavings to a magnet. Henry Jernigan is by no means the first sportsman to discover the joys of well water angling.

Would you like to create a top-notch fishing spot on your own property? Does the geography of your land preclude any natural drainage pond? Do you have a club or other group interested in a community project? If so, let me suggest you investigate an artesian well in a ditch.

The long, narrow body of water assures maximum shore line cover for the fish, and, by the same token, assures maximum fishing convenience to the angler. The long, narrow shape makes for easy control of both aquatic weeds and rough fish, should these measures ever become necessary. Artesian well water, supplied by its own pressure, is a guarantee against fish kill due to drought conditions.

Last, but far from least, are the well water warriors that will soon establish themselves in the ditch. Who knows — they might even strike when it's NOT raining. END.

A crowd gathered as the 'gator lunged furiously at the men in his efforts to escape.

Granberry moves in closer, using his 'gator pole to restrain the squirming, eight-foot long reptile.

ASSIGNMENT ALLIGATOR

By STANLEY ROBERTS

THE CITY EDITOR walked over to my desk and handed me a scrap of copy paper on which was scrawled, "gator bites man."

I looked up queryingly as he said: "This should be a good story. Find out the details. A big alligator is loose somewhere between here and the Bithlo cut-off. He scared two old women who were driving along Highway 50 in a Model A Ford and he's supposed to have nipped a man who tried to catch him near Lake Gear. Let's get the whole story!"

I did. And it was a darn good one—full of local color, thrills and true wildlife danger.

Photographer Tom Dewberry and I pulled onto the shore of Lake Gear, a popular fishery ten miles west of Orlando, 22 minutes later. The pitch black skies exploded with reoccurring bursts of lightning as an overture to a brewing tropical storm.

"Boy, what a lousy night for gator hunting," commented Tom, reaching into the back seat for our raincoats.

"So far," I said, "I don't see any alligators to hunt."

We noticed two men unloading equipment from a boat and trailer further down the shore and went over and identified ourselves.

"Glad to have you with us," said one of the men, a solidly-built 200-pounder. "I'm John Beach, an Orange County Wildlife Officer. This is Stan Granberry, a professional herpotologist, who's going to help me find the gator." We had heard of both of these men at the newspaper office; they were well known in Central Florida for their wildlife exploits.

I asked Beach to give me the background on the story. We've had a number of reports on this gator," he explained. "People passing through here are constantly complaining about him blocking traffic, and about two weeks ago he chewed up someone's cocker spaniel. Tonight he scared two old ladies down the road and when they yelled, a man came to help them. The gator nipped him on the foot."

Granberry had already loaded all the gator hunting equipment—a portable light, a head light, rope and a seven-foot-long "gator" pole with a noose-like rope on its end. "I'm all set, Beach, how about you?"

"I'm ready. Let's see if we can get this gator once and for all."

As a trace of rain fell, a group of lake residents and passers-by had already gathered around us on the shore. All set for action, Beach and Granberry pulled off in their boat. An old fellow of about 70, eager to get his name into the story, started telling me about the sport of gator hunting. "Gators never stay underwater very long," he said. "They just bob up and down along the surface. You might say they just cruise along the water like an old-fashioned German U-Boat."

I looked out at the water, expecting to see a miniature submarine chopping through the waves and muttered something about not seeing anything. "You won't see anything but a pair of eyes," the oldtimer assured me. "And that's only if you can attract his attention with a light." I asked him what he meant by that.

"They react like rabbits do under lights," he answered. "They freeze. Once you get the lights on him,

Granberry circled behind the reptile, hurled himself on the creature's back, and threw a rope around the deadly, slashing, jaws.

The toughest part of the battle is over. Granberry straddles the gator's whip-lash tail, Beach sits on the massive head, and the two men tie the ropes between the feet and the jaws.

he'll stay still long enough to get the noose around him."

While the oldtimer was talking, someone yelled: "There he is, I see him." I looked at the boat which was only 20 or 25 yards from shore and at the left, reflecting in the light, were two enormous eyes—burning out of the splashing water.

Dewberry held his Speed-Graphic camera waist high and waded into the water to get a better shot. I made mental notes of the action. Beach continued shining the light and Granberry moved in. He threw the gator pole in the air circling it around his neck like Hopalong Cassidy lassoes a steer. But this gator was a tough customer and as the noose tightened, his shiny black body began twisting and squirming until he pulled himself free of the rope. Within a split-second he disappeared beneath the surface.

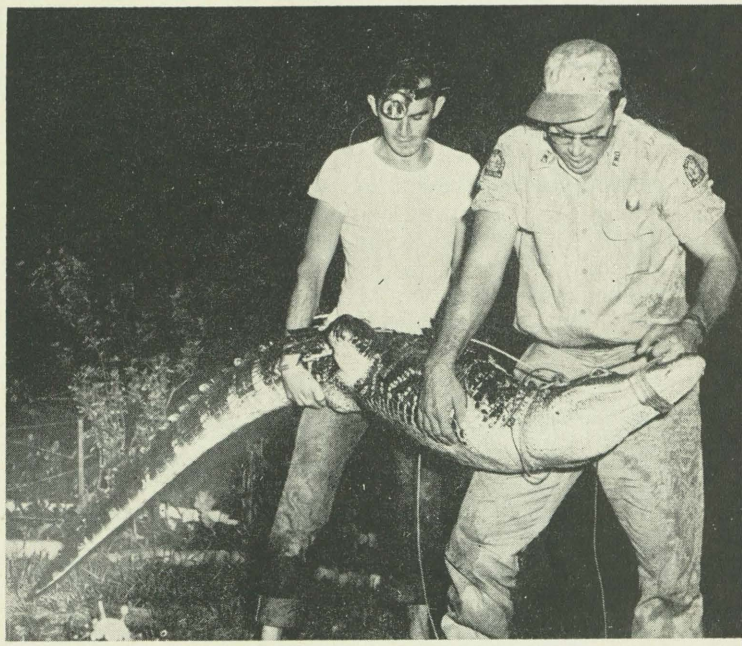
Beach and Granberry chased him into the bonnets and weeds where he had slipped to hide. Now, it was even darker than before. In fact, when black clouds sailed overhead, it made the sky an inky-black color. Only when lightning bolted across the lake could we get a clear view of the two men quietly pursuing the gator in the shore weeds. When the sky did light up, we'd yell and point out the location of the gator to Beach and Granberry. But by the time they'd maneuver the boat around into position, the gator would be gone.

"Gator bites man and gator outsmarts man," I said. "That looks like tonight's full story."

A thunderhead cracked over the lake, lighting up the sky and we got a glimpse of the gator. He was pratically under the boat. We yelled to Granberry and he slung the noose out of the boat, hooking the gator below his fireball eyes. But he wasn't quite fast enough and after a few smashing tugs and twisting gymnastics, the gator was gone again.

"I don't think we'll be able to get him tonight," Granberry discouragingly called out. "It's raining too hard and it's so dark out here we can't see a darn thing."

"Well, that's that," commented Dewberry as he started putting his equipment back in the car. I said



The job is done. Lake Gear's 'gator is wrapped up like a Christmas package.

something about it being a shame and began to walk away.

As the boat was approaching the beach, another crash of thunder ripped between the trees on the edge of the lake and with the sky momentarily aglow, Beach made a final check of the area. Approximately six feet from him, some 30 feet from us, the gator was complacently swimming toward shore. He whispered to Granberry. "Get the pole ready, I'm going to head after him."

Granberry prepared the equipment and stood up. "I've got an idea," he said. "Instead of pulling him inside the boat, let's try and drag him onto the beach." The boat veered toward the gator. Granberry cupped his hands over his lips and began making strange

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It's a Cinch

By EDMUND McLAURIN

FOR PARTICIPANTS in one of Florida's fasting growing outdoor sports — archery, the state's fourth annual series of special archery hunts, sponsored and supervised by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, will be held in the Ocala National Forest, October 14 through 23; and in the Eglin Field and Corbett Management areas, October 29 through November 6.

In essence, announcement of the scheduled hunts means that, in addition to the regular hunting season, the Florida archer will again be privileged to hunt almost a full month ahead of the main powder burning clan. Although the hunts will be restricted to archers only, the hunting will not be a restricted privilege. Any firearm user can get in the early season fun by temporarily setting aside his gun in favor of the longbow and complying with the rules of the hunts, one of which is to purchase and carry both a regular hunting license and one of the $5 archery permits.

Last year a total of 327 Florida archers purchased permits, providing a supplementary hunting season income to the Game Fund of $1,030.-00. Of the total number of archery permits sold, however, 121 were for the Eglin Field hunt, with the fees therefrom accruing to the Air Force instead of the Game Commission.

Theoretically, it would seem that the archer, privileged to hunt weeks ahead of the gun carrier, has an advantage. His quarry has not been shot at — at least, not for several months — and is less likely to be exercising all faculties and sly tricks demanded for survival during the regular hunting season. Afield, however, this theoretical advantage is offset by the difficulty of getting close enough to the target to assure a hit and killing shot against odds that would be no handicap at all to a marksman with a precision-sighted rifle.

How have Florida archers fared as hunters?

According to a state-by-state "kill" report for the year 1954, Florida members of the National Field Archery Association, with which most active archers are affiliated, last year killed only two animals of the big-game class — two *wild hogs!* However, this listing is a bit misleading and inaccurate by reason of the fact that the report covers kills made by NFAA Florida resident members only. Actually, as a group, Florida archers last year did a little better than the NFAA report indicates. According to Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission figures, one deer was killed at Eglin Field last season; and none at Ocala, but archers in the latter area did bag three wild hogs, four fox squirrel, four raccoon and six armadillo. The state agency's report represents all archers — NFAA members and independents alike.

Michigan bowmen of NFAA affiliation alone, on the other hand, accounted for 73 bucks, 100 does (illegal in Florida) and three bear! California members tallied 33 bucks, 11 does, 1 bear, 1 coyote, 1 wildcat, two

This season, biologist Don Strode, hunt director of the Ocala National Forest special archery hunt, recommends that bowmen take permanent stands at least one-half a mile from any road and remain immobile until a deer wanders into range. Continual moving around of hunters has been a prime reason for failures in past seasons, Strode says.

goats and four hogs. New Yorkers aimed and released death-dealing arrows that knocked down 30 bucks and sixteen does for tagging in their state. Supporting their contentions that anything we can do in demonstrated hunting and fishing, they can do better, Georgians affiliated with the NFAA last year reported 13 bucks, 6 does and ten hogs. But again the statistics are unbalanced; some states have far more archers hunting under special permit than Florida; New York, for example, usually licenses more than ten thousand bowmen annually.

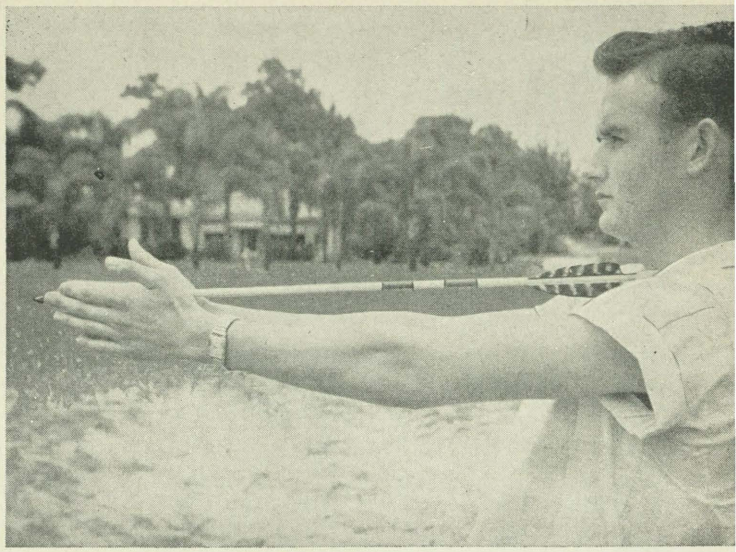
Still, the cold, impersonal figures show that in three years of privileged hunting during periods designated for archers only, Florida bowmen have killed relatively little game. Obviously something is wrong — either their equipment or their hunting methods.

Queried as to the best style and power of bow to use for general Florida hunting, Howard Hill, the world-famous archer, recommends a straight-end style hunting bow for beginners, claiming that with the type errors of draw and loose are not as influential on final accuracy as mistakes made with the other styles. Most of the Florida archers, however, use some form of the recurved type. Advocates point out that they get flatter arrow trajectory and longer flight distance than users of the straight-end English style longbows, weight of pull and other factors being equal.

Whether straight-end or recurved style, bows representing a single material in their main bodies are known as self-bows, while those of combined laminations of different woods, wood and fibre glass or rawhide, for added strength, are called backed-bows.

Hill also advocates that beginners start out with a medium-weight bow, one having a pull (power in pounds required to draw a properly matched arrow to its full length) of 45 to 55 pounds. He contends that perfect control and shooting comfort, achieved from use of a bow that can be pulled and held to a full draw without strain, is more important to accuracy than the slight gain in driving force. If the archer cannot hold his aim at full draw for ten seconds without strain or tremors, then his bow is too heavy. In America, the average pull of bows used in making big-game kills has figured close to 56.4 pounds in recent years. Any bow pulling forty pounds or better is legal here in Florida and one of 45-55 pounds will kill Florida's large game animals as easily as those pulling sixty and seventy pounds. The potential killing power of a bow is related to its "cast", the distance it will shoot a hunting arrow of proper length and weight. It is not necessarily related to the "weight" of the bow which, as already stated, represents the number of pounds of force required to draw an arrow of proper length to its head. Some efficient bows of light weight can shoot an arrow faster and farther than others having heavier pulls but less efficiency. The "weight" of a bow, therefore, is not as realistic a measure of its killing power as its "cast". There are cases on record of bows having a weight of only 35 pounds which have driven an arrow completely through a deer.

Hill and Florida archers are pretty well in accord on the theory that, for best results, the overall length of a hunting bow should always be consistent with the archer's height and arm length, and that arrows in turn must be matched in proper length to the bowman's arm length and the aiming position, or "anchor point" on the face, he uses. The hunting bow should be at least five and one-half feet long if a 28", or longer, arrow is chosen.



Individually correct arrow length can be determined by placing an arrow with its feathered end against the base of the neck, with the pointed end resting between fully extended arms and fingers. Correct arrow length will be that measurement from the base of the neck to the finger tips. Substitution of a yardstick for an arrow will make the determination a one-phase job.

For uniform accuracy, arrows also should be matched for weight and spine. Serious bowmen usually purchase them in lots of one dozen or more and then select the best six of the group for their hunting. Wooden arrows are usually preferred and the double blade broadheads are 'way beyond the three and four blade styles in popularity, statistics compiled by the NFAA show.

Quivers used by Florida archers are generally of shoulder or back style, designed and fastened so that

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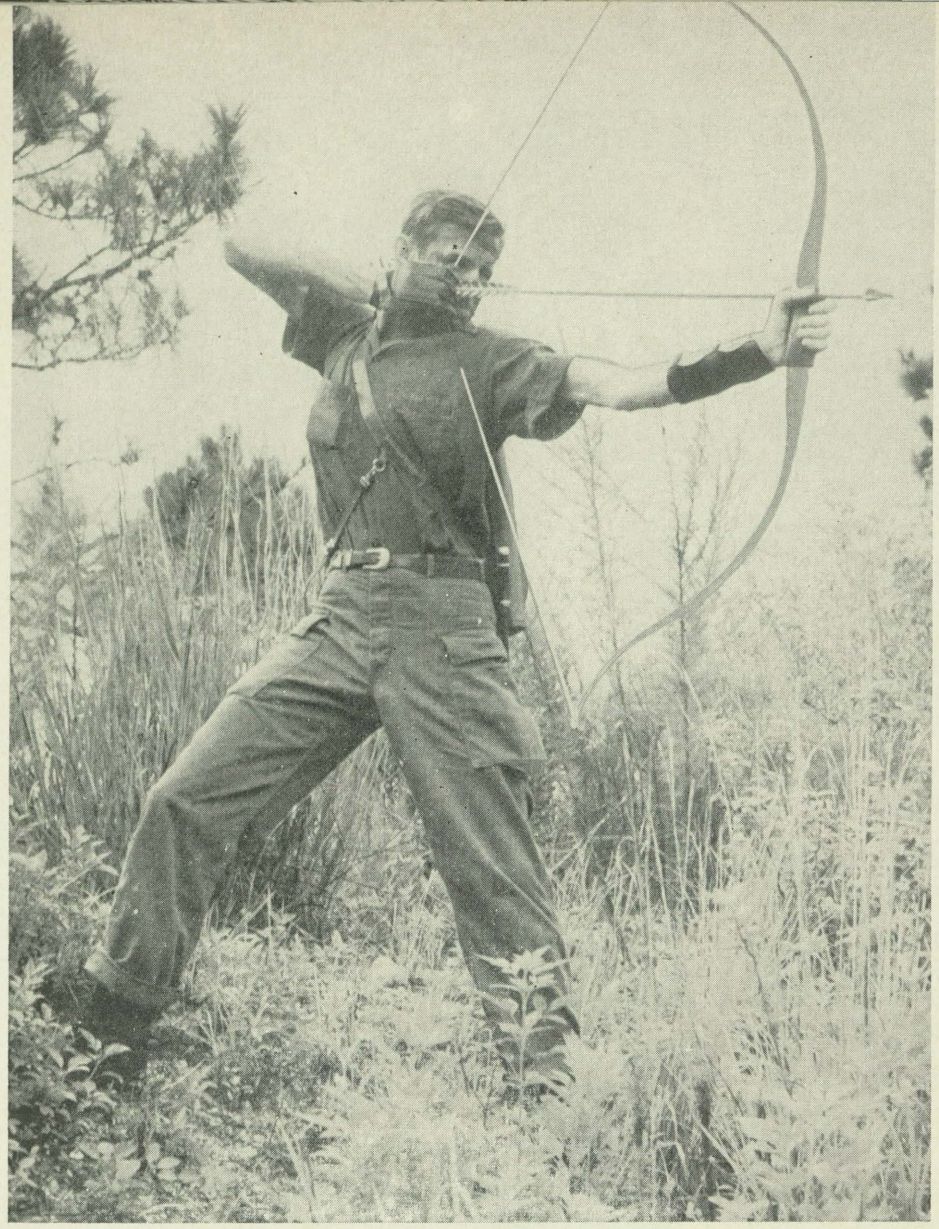
The serious deer-seeking bowman will take care to neutralize all light reflecting surfaces of face and hands. Don't make the mistake of overlooking shiny bows and worn belt buckles.



A released bow string can sometimes give the archer a powerful, stinging, welt-raising switch across his bow-arm. Smooth leather arm-guards prevent this and also gives the bow string a smooth surface against which to strike, avoiding any possible bad effects to the archer's accuracy.

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contents do not rattle around; smooth on the inside, and made large enough so that arrows can be quickly reached and extracted — razor sharp broadheads for large game and blunts for shooting small animals and birds. A common mistake of beginners is to carry too many arrows, and too many styles of hunting heads, afield.

A released bow string can sometimes give the archer a powerful, stinging, welt-raising switch across his bow-arm. But it is not for this reason alone that most Florida archers wear smooth leather arm-guards, usually molded to the contours of the bow-arm. Wearing one of the wrist protectors gives the bow string a smooth surface against which to strike, thereby avoiding any possible bad effects to the archer's accuracy. Arm-guards are usually of leather, size from four to seven inches long and the best ones are designed to be easily and quickly donned and fastened.

Considered a more valuable accessory, however, is a smooth and pliable leather tab slipped over the fore and third fingers of the hand that draws and releases the string, but large enough to protect the fingertips of the three working fingers from string friction and soreness. The soft, tough leather finger cots also help the archer to release his arrows smoothly. Some Florida archers sprinkle unscented powder on the bow string and each finger cot for an even smoother release.

In choice of clothing and footgear, a survey shows that the more serious Florida bowmen are mindful of the value of blending or camouflaging attire, and footgear that enables them to tread softly without creating ground-transmitted vibration. Favored colors are dark greens and browns, often combined in mottled-effect blends.

Most agree that moccasins make for the closest thing to a truly silent stalk, but many settle for good, comfortable high top boots, like the L. L. Bean product, the Red Wing Irish Setter, the Converse "No-Bite" and those of W. C. Russell manufacture. Others rely on simple tennis shoes, and an alert eye for snakes.

The review of average hunting equipment and clothing used by Florida archers eliminates, therefore, any lack of proper gear as the cause for the state's annual low kill report. Quite obviously Florida bowmen own and are using hunting equipment equal to that of more successful Robin Hoods in other states. By the process of elimination, then the underlying reasons for failure to make more numerous kills lie under the sub-heading "Methods and Skills Employed".

Ocala hunt Director Don Strode, asked about why Florida bowmen fail to make more numerous game kills, gave a most logical reason when he said, "The game has been there for the archers, all right; our pre-season census counts have established that fact each year.... From my personal observations of archery activity in the Ocala area for the past three years, I feel that many bowmen are making a few mistakes that are keeping them from bagging their deer. The first and foremost mistake noted is the continual moving around of the hunters. They will hunt one area for a few hours; jump in their cars and rush somewhere else. I believe if an archer would select a good stand *and stay there,* his chances of getting a good shot would be greatly increased. As stalking of game in the Ocala National Forest is almost impossible, it is better to select a promising stand and remain there. Best results would probably be had if selected stands were at least one-half a mile from the road." He also stated that some hunters fortunate enough to get a shot at and to hit their buck during the past three years of hunting, have lost their game by too quick follow-up instead of giving the quarry time to bleed-out and die, a condition not likely to occur near the hunter if the wounded animal is forced into faster flight by the added fear of immediate pur-

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ROLLING WILDLIFE

CITY FOLKS will crowd around it. Barefooted children will edge a little closer. There'll be women, and children, and farmers, and businessmen, and ordinary people and extraordinary people. They'll be honest people, and perhaps a few dishonest people. They'll see it in cities, and on the school-grounds; in the town squares, and at the big fairs.

It'll be the Game Commission's Traveling Wildlife Trailer on the road again.

With a panther, and a fawn, and a rattlesnake, too, and a bear, and a baby raccoon, and a score of other Florida wilderness residents, the wildlife trailer will start rolling during the first week of September. In the following ten months, hundreds of thousands of Floridians and tourists will get a close-up preview of wildlife and conservation.

The huge trailer—which takes up a space 52 feet by 20 feet when on exhibition, is now in its fourth year of operation. Conservatively, well over a million people have visited it.

During the past year, Wildlife Trailer Manager Don Carroll kept accurate daily records of all exhibitions of the trailer. Exact reports from each school teacher and fair manager were kept in a daily log of operations.

During the period from April 11, 1954, through April 19, 1955, a closely estimated total of 326,140 people viewed the trailer. Of this total, 48,488 were school children at 124 schools throughout Florida. It is interesting to note that the trailer visited 95 white schools, with a total of 40,268 children and 29 colored schools, with a total of 8,220 children.

The trailer also visited 16 fairs, and six summer camps, with 277,652 people taking their turns walking around the mobile exhibit, studying over 22 cages of wild animals, birds and reptiles.

Now the trailer is an expensive operation—there's not much question of that. Animals can chew up a lot of food in a year's time—especially the bear and the panther. Gasoline, oil, repairs, tires and salaries take more money. Not to count the original investment in both trailers and animals.

But the Commission doesn't list this as lost profits. The trailer is actually an investment in the future of Florida's wildlife conservation.

If only one out of each hundred persons who visit the trailer gets a little better idea of Florida wildlife, the values of conservation, and the good of conservation laws, the Commission is well repaid on its investment. Thus, the trailer becomes a profitable educational tool of the Game Commission.

During the ten months beginning September 1, the trailer will be following a tightly-knit schedule. The schedule for the period of operations from September 1 through March 16 was actually prepared in its final form last June. The schedule was prepared on a daily basis, including Sundays and holidays, rest days and supply-buying days.

The week of September 1-6, for instance, is devoted to loading of animals, buying of supplies, and preparation of equipment. Then, for each following day, there is a precise schedule of daily operations, with exhibition appearances confirmed well in advance.

In order to operate the trailer efficiently, the schedule must be set up in such a fashion that the trailer is exhibited to the maximum number of people in the minimum number of miles. For this reason, trailer bookings that require long jumps from city to city, or which force the trailer to double-back over previously covered areas, are never made. To do so would actually deprive some people, somewhere, of an opportunity to view the wildlife exhibit. Some children, some people who were looking forward to it, would miss it. A promise would be broken.

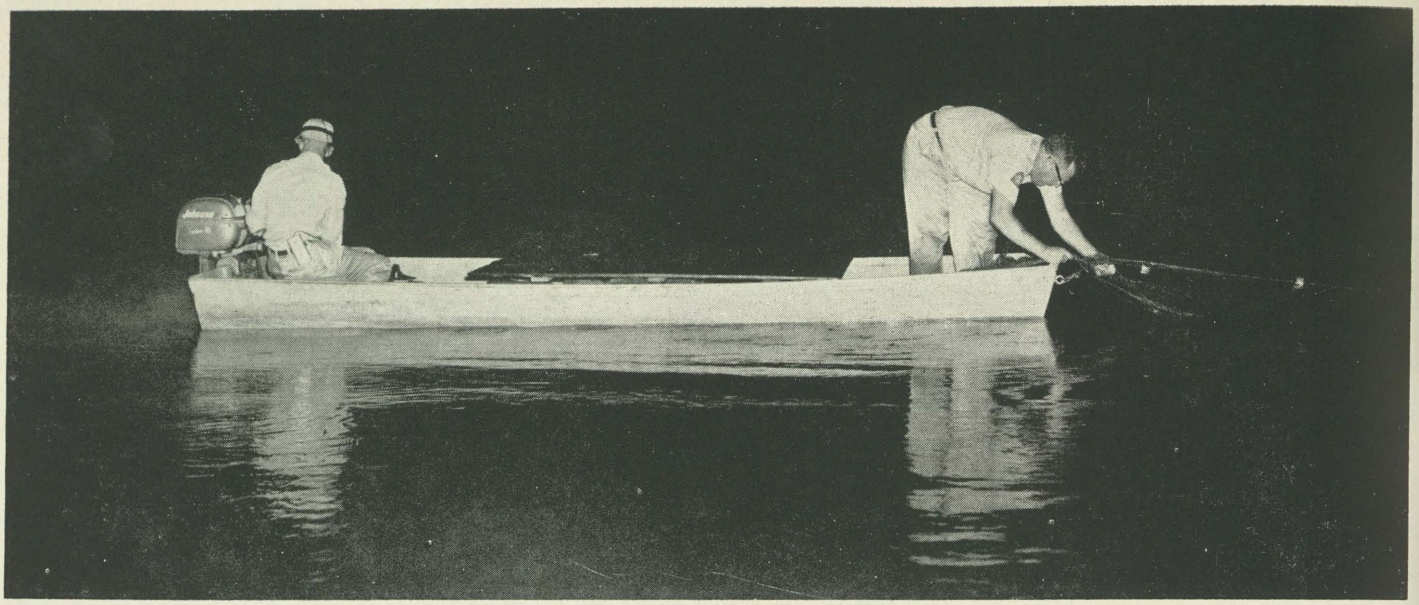
It is impossible, therefore, for the Commission to make last-minute changes in the trailer's schedule of operations, no matter how much the Commission would like to do so. Like a circus, the trailer moves in a precise pattern, with all arrangements made well in advance.

The trailer, incidentally, is accompanied in all of its appearances by a wildlife trailer manager, a regional education officer, and, usually, by at least one regional wildlife officer or other Commission employee. The reason for this is that it affords an excellent opportunity for the general public to meet, and get acquainted with, the wildlife officers, education officers, game and fish biologists, and other Commission personnel.

Well over a million people have viewed the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission's mobile wildlife exhibit. In the photo above Don Carroll, Wildlife Trailer Manager, holds a whitetail fawn, one of the many species of Florida wildlife featured in the display.

Look for the trailer! It'll visit your county before next summer.

You, and a half a million other people, will enjoy the Mobile Wildlife Trailer this year. END



Fisheries Management Technicians Jim Barkuloo (left) and Pete Crittenden check a fish population sampling gill net. Sample netting is conducted during both daylight and after-dark hours to obtain a more complete picture of fish populations.

lake and stream survey

IF YOU ARE one of the nation's 50 million anglers, it probably has happened to you, especially if you are one of the itchy-footed to whom new or distant waters seem to offer possibilities beyond those which have been thoroughly explored and exploited on the old familiar lakes and streams.

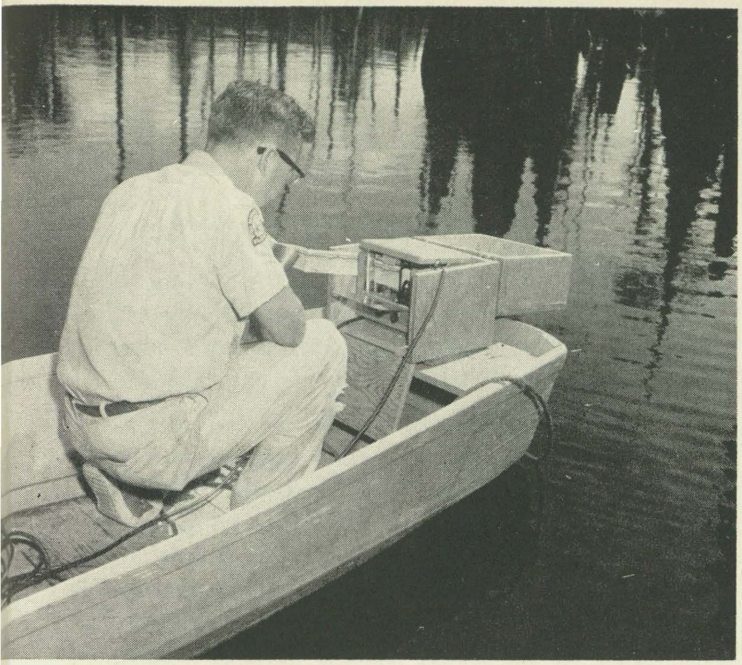
Maybe it goes like this: You're standing around in the local sporting goods emporium batting the breeze with fellow disciples of Ike Walton. In trots this sport wearing a grin a yard wide. Casually he mentions that fishing was pretty fair down on Lake Fullafish and he hoists aloft a string of eye-bulging largemouths to emphasize the point. You feel the old fishing fever start to take hold. The situation isn't improved a bit as the indicator arm of the fish weighing scale comes to rest on an outrageously immodest figure. Pressed for details, the successful subduer of bass reveals he caught the lunkers in the sink hole on the east side of the lake, just out from an old lightning-struck cypress snag.

By noon the next day you have put in several hours of unrewarded fishing, to say nothing of the time spent in searching for the road to Casey's landing, the only place on the east side of Lake Fullafish where boats are available. Casey gave a few vague directions for reaching the sink hole but once away from the landing, you faced miles of shore line along which are located no less than 500 old lightning-struck cypress snags. After fumbling about trying to locate the deep water bass convention grounds upon which your friend had stumbled the previous day, you decide the case is hopeless and head on in.

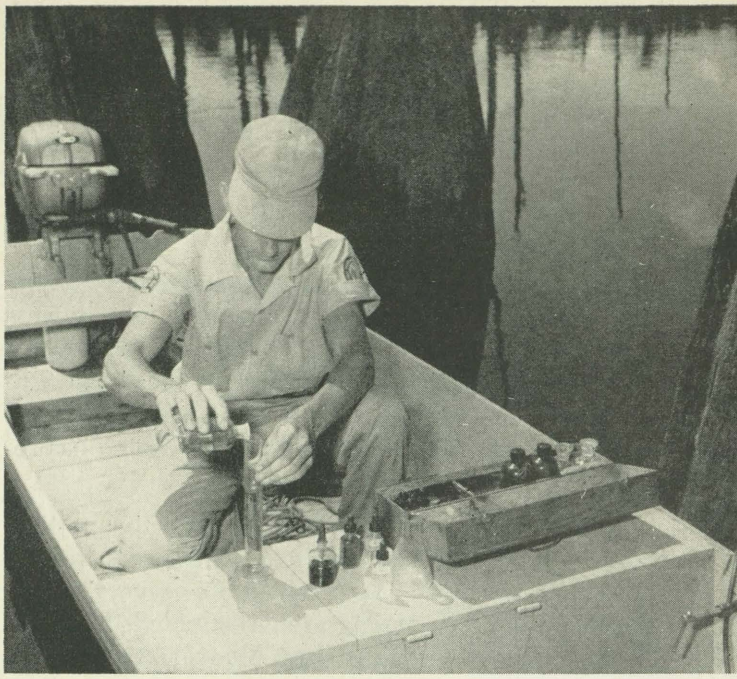
A map of the lake? Sure, it would be mighty handy but as far as Lake Fullafish, and a majority of the other lakes and streams of Florida, is concerned, there just isn't such animal.

The case is not without its brighter aspect however, for something is being done about the situation. For several months, the Fish Management Division of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has had a lake and stream survey crew in the field. Among other activities, the survey crew is drawing up a series of maps which will be of great interest and value to fishermen, hunters, and other recreation seekers.

The survey will cover all public lakes over 150 acres in size and all rivers having an average annual minimum flow of over 100 cubic feet per second. Obviously a program of such scope will require a considerable amount of time to bring to completion.



Project Leader Pete Crittenden watches the tape on the Bendix Electronic Depth Recorder. This device is being used in plotting depths of waters covered by the Lake and Stream survey crew and will supply information of much interest and value to Florida fishermen.



The chemical characteristics of the water have an important bearing on fish production. In the photo above, biologist Jim Barkuloo is running a chemical analysis of a water sample taken from one of west Florida's lakes.

The project is designed to obtain the following information.

1. Name and location of the lake or stream.
2. An outline map of the lake giving the acreage and the depth readings obtained by Electronic Depth Sounder.
3. The size and abundance of the fish species as determined by creel census, netting, seining, and other collecting techniques.
4. General biological and physical data such as type and amount of vegetation, bottom type, fish foods, pollution, general ecology, chemistry, and allied information.
5. Number of fishing camps; their location and accommodations for sportsmen.
6. Estimated fishing pressure and yield.
7. Fishing history of the body of water.
8. Recommendations for the future management of the lake or stream.

Upon completion of the survey within a county, a unit consisting of two or more counties, or a watershed, a report on the work will be published. Of special interest to the fisherman will be the map of each body of water surveyed, with a listing of accommodations available in the vicinity, and a summary of the biological and physical characteristics of the lake or stream.

The survey report of Leon and Gadsden Counties, the first of the contemplated series of lake and stream survey pamphlets, is now in the process of preparation and will be available for distribution in the near future. Notification of the availability of this report as well as those which will be completed as the survey progresses will be made in the pages of Florida Wildlife magazine. END.

Details regarding the fish population are of importance in formulating management plans. Biologists Barkuloo (left) and Crittenden record weights and measurements of fish taken in a sampling net.

LAKE JACKSON

THIS LARGE LAKE, lying on the outskirts of Tallahassee, is a very popular fishing lake for residents of that city and also a large segment of South Georgia people. The recent drought has reduced the fishable waters to about one-third of the acreage present in 1948. Despite this gradual drying up, fishing has remained remarkably good.

Trolling for bass is a popular and productive pastime throughout the year, and an excellent spawn in 1953 should foretell good bass fishing for several years to come. Lake Jackson is primarily noted, however, for the number of "plate-size" bluegills taken from April through October. In the spring and early summer months, bluegills are on their spawning beds, the location of which will be clearly shown by a cluster of boats surrounding the site. In late summer and early fall, the fish tend to congregate around the edges of the deep sinks. (See Map)

The lake bottom is a firm white sand, free of vegetation, and the waters are clean and clear. These factors, coupled with the high hills surrounding the lake, with their verdant pastures and clumps of ancient live oaks, somehow go together to make the big bluegills look bigger, fight more pugnaciously and taste better in the skillet than is perhaps warranted by an objective analysis.

DATA SUMMARY

Date of Survey: September 1954

Area: 3,520 Acres

Location: N.W. of Tallahassee app. 7 mi. on highway SR 63 and US 27. Also may be reached by SR 155 north. R-1-W T-2-N T-1-N.

Bottom Type: Mostly hard sand.

Aquatic Vegetation: A narrow fringe of maiden cane and a few rushes.

Fluctuation Characteristics: Drastic history of changes. Dry in 1933, the lake became abnormally full in 1948, about twenty feet above the present level. The lake has been gradually falling since, but the decline has increased in the last year with a drop of about one inch a week.

Accessibility and Availability: Excellent

Species of Fish Present and Relative Abundance:

Game

1. Bass — Abundant
2. Bluegill — Abundant
3. Black Crappie — Abundant
4. Shellcracker — Abundant
5. Chain Pickerel — Common

Non-Game

1. Threadfin Shad — Very Abundant
2. Chub Sucker — Abundant
3. Brown Bullhead — Common

Estimated Catch: 100,000 lbs. per year.

Estimated Fishing Pressure: 30,000 Fishermen days per year.

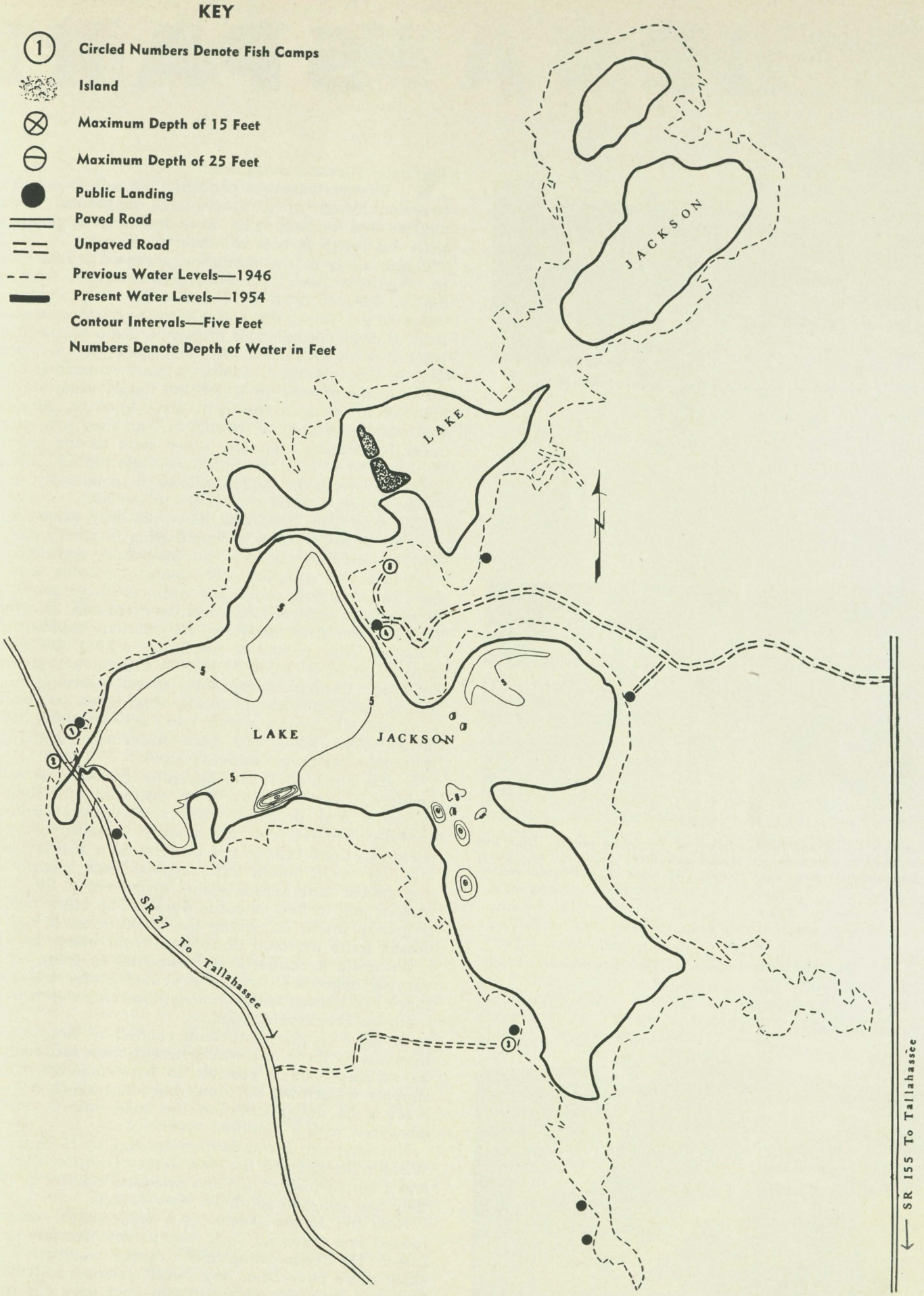
Fishing History: Excellent bass, bluegill, crappie, and catfish lake. Fishing has been quite consistent over the past years with the exception of the present extreme drought condition which has resulted in some curtailment.

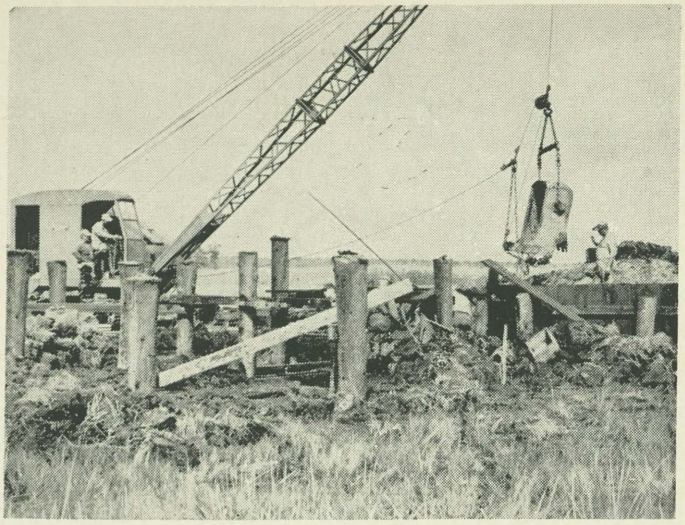
Evaluation: Excellent bass-bream lake. Beautiful surroundings and very accessible.

Recommendations: None

Contour Lines: Contour lines are used to show the depth of the water. These are lines which join equal depth. For example a line showing the figure 5 means that the depth all along the line is five feet. It should be noted that contour lines never cross each other. The contour interval on the map is merely the difference in depth between each contour line. A contour interval of 5 feet would mean there is a difference of 5 feet in depth between each successive line. Depth between shoreline and first contour line is five feet or less.

Fish Camp Number	*Name of Camp and Accommodations*
1	Giddens' Fish Camp, 15 Boats, Motors, Bait, Tackle, Refreshments, Grocery
2	Giddens' Fish Camp, 45 Boats, Motors, Bait, Tackle, Refreshments
3	Tradewinds Camp, 35 Boats, Motors, Bait, Tackle
4	Miller's Camp, 40 Boats, Bait, Refreshments, 2 Cabins
5	Rollins' Camp — Not Operating

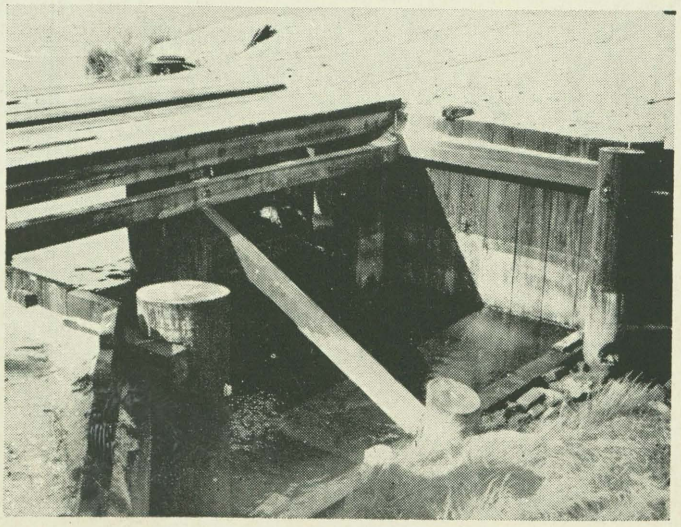

KEY
Circled Numbers Denote Fish Camps
Island
Maximum Depth of 15 Feet
Maximum Depth of 25 Feet
Public Landing
Paved Road
Unpaved Road
Previous Water Levels—1946
Present Water Levels—1954
Contour Intervals—Five Feet
Numbers Denote Depth of Water in Feet
JACKSON
LAKE
N
LAKE
JACKSON
5
SR 27 To Tallahassee
SR 155 To Tallahassee



Dike under construction at Tuckahoe Marsh.

Completed dike and impoundment at Tuckahoe Marsh. Dike has withstood hurricanes and trucks can drive over it. At left is impoundment—note duck foods. At right is untreated marsh.

Dike under construction at Tuckahoe Marsh.



SPARE

NOBODY LOVES a mosquito.

That statement is probably the safest sentence ever published in a sportsman's magazine. Most anglers and hunters who have had any experience with the pesky insects will heartily agree.

Going along in the matter of accepted truths concerning mosquitoes, a lot of marshes have been drained and/or sprayed with DDT and other insecticides in order to get rid of the pests. Dealing further in truisms, it costs considerable money to drain a marsh or treat it with chemicals. Another generally accepted fact is that marshes usually support waterfowl and other forms of wildlife which are highly regarded by sportsmen. And in case you don't know it, Florida has more marshes, or "wetlands," as they are more recently termed, than any other state in the union. As a matter of fact, the Sunshine State has 15 million acres of wetlands, which makes it potentially one of the greatest waterfowl states in the 48.

The mosquito, fiend that he is, not only causes discomfort to humans, he is contributing in a very direct way toward destruction of our migratory waterfowl.

Ponder this situation: The state of Florida is embarking on a long range and comprehensive program of mosquito control. As recently as March 29, 1955, the Florida Anti-Mosquito Association, meeting in Panama City, passed a resolution asking the state legislature to set aside $3,960,000 to fight mosquitoes. In order to fight mosquitoes, marshes are drained and/or sprayed with chemicals. And when you drain or chemically treat a marsh, you ruin waterfowl habitation. And when you ruin waterfowl habitation, sportsmen set up an almighty howl.

If you don't abate the mosquito nuisance, equally vociferous howls go up from outraged and itching residents and property owners. Without straining credulity too far, you can readily visualize two opposing factions yelling and shaking their fists at each other across a marsh that supports both mosquitoes and ducks. One faction wants to get rid of the mosquitoes and to hell with the ducks. The other faction is grimly intent on saving the ducks even though it means some personal discomfort from insect bites.

It's quite a rhubarb, and one that is going on in varying degrees all over the United States wherever there are human beings, mosquitoes and waterfowl—a not too rare combination.

In view of this disturbing conflict of desires and interests, is there any way whereby both factions can be satisfied? Is it possible to have marshes which support waterfowl, but don't harbor mosquitoes?

It's a 64 dollar question for sure, but it can be answered with a qualified "yes."

Not long ago I was invited by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the New Jersey Division of Game and Fish to inspect a joint mosquito control project they had going in southern New Jersey.

Now the Jersey skeeter is a very tough customer indeed and takes no back seat to any itch-producing insect. He's been biting South Jersey residents every since there have been any South Jersey residents to bite, and he is loved by no one—not even the most ardent of duck hunters and fishermen. In some sec-

THAT MARSH

By CLEVELAND VAN DRESSER

tions of the Garden State the mosquitoes can be as lively as the sportsmen during open season.

A few years ago the two conservation agencies embarked on a brand new concept of mosquito control. The locale was the famous Tuckahoe tidal marshes which parallel the equally famous South Jersey Coast. When I inspected the project, it had passed the experimental stage and notable progress had already been made. The mosquitoes were under pretty good control, while at the same time the marshes were not only spared, they had been so improved they were supporting amazing numbers of ducks and even fish.

It's quite a deal, and it's being copied by other states along the Atlantic coast which are confronted with the virulent hassle between duck hunters and mosquito haters.

To begin with, until the new program started, the only way mosquitoes were being "controlled" in South Jersey was the old method of draining the offending marsh or loading it with chemicals. This, of course, raised hob with the marshes, either drying them out altogether, or killing almost every living thing in them. At first, oil was used, and the destruction was complete. Later, DDT and other chemicals were employed. This lessened the devastating effect on marsh growth, but it had to be repeated constantly to be effective.

Drainage wasn't a one-shot job either. Ditches had to be kept open, a task that was performed frequently. In either case—chemical control or drainage—the cost was never ending.

When L. C. MacNamara, New Jersey game official, suggested that instead of draining a marsh, the water should be impounded for mosquito control, most people thought he was daft. However, the state Division of Game and Fish decided to give the idea a whirl, and called in the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to help.

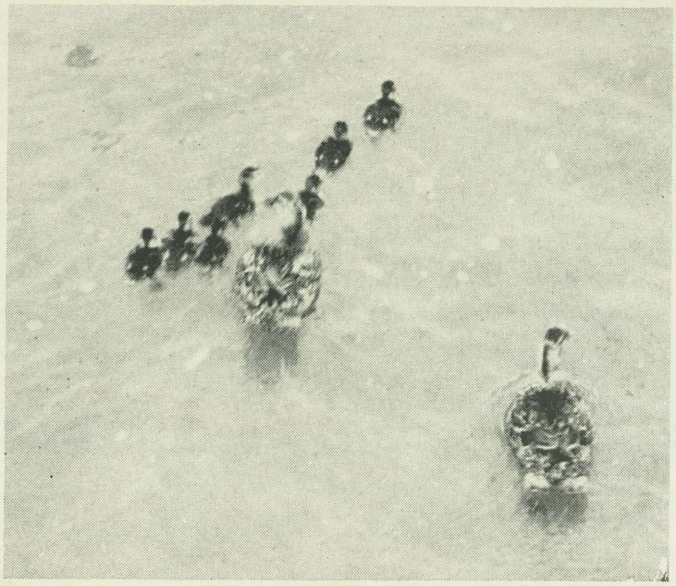
Despite the Doubting Thomases—and there were plenty of them—MacNamara's idea was sound.

At first only a 60-acre impoundment was constructed. It was dyked off from the rest of the Tuckahoe Marsh, and in a very short time began to fill up with fresh water from natural drainage. A system of gates controlled the water level of the impoundment.

Pretty soon bass and pickerel appeared in the pond and did a fair job of controlling what few mosquito larvae were present. MacNamara got aquatic foods started by staging a "draw down" of the water level of his experimental pool in June. A year later when ducks' foods appeared in some semblance of abundance, migratory waterfowl were quick to take advantage of the situation, and MacNamara had both birds and fish in his new pond.

What about the mosquitoes? The New Jersey game official reasoned correctly that by far the majority of the insects bred on the mud flats of the Tuckahoe Marsh. There weren't any mud flats on his pond and ergo, mosquitoes couldn't breed there.

The system was not 100 percent perfect, but after all, what system of mosquito control is 100 percent perfect? Not even drainage and spraying combined is assurance that every last mosquito in any given area will be destroyed. One thing was very apparent. The impoundment system *did* put a severe dent in the population of breeding mosquitoes. The comparatively small number of larvae deposited around the edges of the 60-acre pond were pretty well taken care of by the aforementioned fish.



This brood of black ducks was raised in one of the fresh water impoundments of the Tuckahoe Marsh of the south Jersey shore.

At the end of a couple of years, MacNamara had a 60-acre pool that produced and supported both game fish and migratory waterfowl in place of nothing but mosquitoes and a few discouraged muskrats in the years previous. It was quite an accomplishment.

What was more, his system of mosquito control was pretty permanent. The dikes he had built are there to stay. In fact, we drove over them in a truck, and they have withstood several hurricanes.

His initial experiment a success, MacNamara expanded operations with the cooperation of the Fish and Wildlife Service. More impoundments were built and were given the same treatment. "Drawdowns" were staged at properly timed intervals and game fish were introduced. Controlled fluctuations of water levels resulted in a splendid crop of waterfowl foods and a minimum of mosquitoes.

Today, some 1,500 acres of impoundments in the Tuckahoe Marsh support upwards of 15,000 waterfowl annually, including geese and even wild swan, which haven't been seen in that part of New Jersey in years.

Furthermore, ducks are now nesting in the area. In addition, pickerel, bass and bullheads supply pretty fair piscatorial sport.

About all the area supported prior to the impoundments were the unloved Jersey skeeters which gave fits to resorters and residents and were the cause of the revolutionary insect control plan in the first place. All hands agree that the MacNamara solution prac-

(Continued on Page 49)

Boat-a-Caders throng shore at Lake Tohopekaliga as a late sun pushes through the morning clouds. Everything from a single 7½ h.p. to twin 50's has been tried on the Boat-a-Cade—with success. Dick Makinson says boats are getting faster; this year many boaters will make the trip to Okeechobee City and return to their starting point at Kissimmee.

BOAT-A-CADING "THE DARK CONTINENT"

By PAT DODSON

In the 1890's the old Tropical Hotel at Kissimmee used to bill the water journey as a "trip through the Dark Continent." The brochure writer was swiping a phrase usually reserved for a land across the Atlantic, but he had the right idea.

For Florida's Kissimmee River Valley is mighty wild country even today. It's one of the least exploited watersheds in the United States and it lays heavy claim to the best fresh water fishing in the world.

The valley's water system spreads and winds over 200 miles through a semi-tropical wilderness that most outdoorsmen like to talk about but which only the go-getters ever experience. Unless you've taken it before, the complete trip without a guide is strictly for the bold adventurer. Although it's not hard to snag the big lunker bass thronging the Kissimmee's lakes, sloughs, and main channels, it's even less difficult to get lost by taking one of her dead-end arteries.

So if you'd like to tackle this outdoor labyrinth which shames the letter S, sage advice says don't try it alone—at least for the first time.

And there is no better way of becoming familiar with this meandering fisherman's Eden than to join the Kissimmee-Okeechobee Boat-a-Cade October 20th through the 23rd. The small boat expedition begins at the town of Kissimmee on Lake Tohopekaliga and fast-snakes down the lake and river waters to Lake Okeechobee and then either back to Kissimmee or to Stuart or Fort Myers. The return by boat to Kissimmee this year is something new in the official six-year-old adventure originated by Dick Makinson of Kissimmee. This latest outboard itinerary calls for two days down the river and two back, with the town of Okeechobee the halfway point and the camps of Kicco and EEEE breaking it into quarters.

For those who'd like to dip a little deeper into South Florida and embrace the wonders of Lake Okeechobee and her outlets, Boat-a-Caders can spend their last two days crossing the big lake and taking the St. Lucie Canal to Stuart or the Caloosahatchee to Fort Myers. The Fort Myers party will stop at Sportsman's Village on the west side of Okeechobee. No matter what schedule the outdoorsman chooses, at every official stop he will find planned recreation to round out his day skimming the waterways. And if he inadvertently loses himself from the marked route before he gets there, planes of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission will be around to get him back on course.

The Boat-a-Cade is not a money-making enterprise. In fact the dollar membership fee has to be stretched just to take care of membership cards and identification buttons, special red and white flags for each boat, and such expenses as answering inquiries directed to Boat-a-Cade, Kissimmee, Florida. However, the Osceola County backers of "Florida's Greatest

Outdoor Adventure" don't worry if they can just approach breaking even. For the basic idea behind the excursion is to introduce people to the interior waterway of Central and South Florida.

Carl Rudd, who knows the Kissimmee like he takes regular flights over her astride the wisest of Florida's Bald Eagles, points out that the valley has countless hideaways where a man can down his duck limit in early morning and still unhook his quota of black bass by 9:00. Carl says the ducks on the Kissimmee won't pitch in your boat-well, but his praise of the river's fishing would put old Izaak Walton himself into backflips.

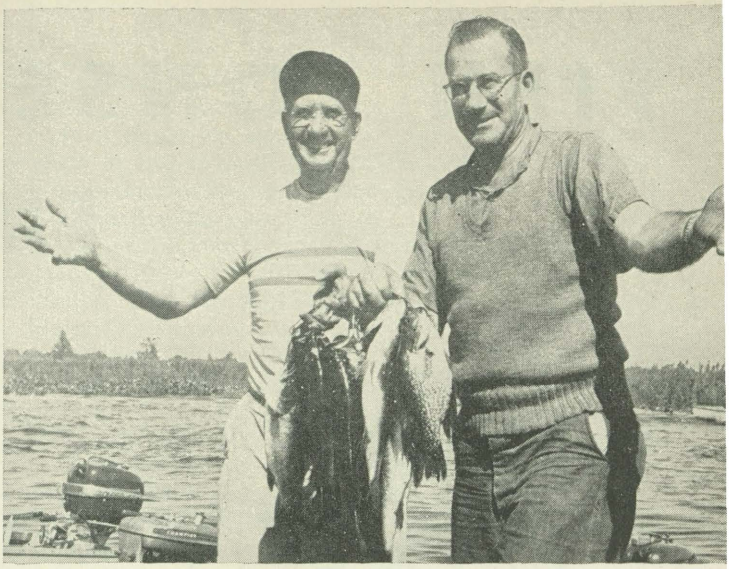
Almost the entire river itself qualifies on the duck-bass double-action deal, but to name just a few locations in the lake area to cover Carl's statement, there's Makinson Island, Friar's Cove, and Goblet's Cove in Lake Tohopekaliga; North Cove, Jackson Slough, Storm Island, and Tiger Creek, all in Lake Kissimmee; and Hughey's Cove in Lake Cypress. Since there's time for fishing on the Boat-a-Cade—(numerous prizes for catches are awarded), any boater can ease away from the main group and try some of these spots. If the battling of big bass doesn't monopolize his time, an eye for the site of a prospective blind might not be overly optimistic. The marshes alone can give a man duck-fever, but the swift Blue-winged Teal already down by Boat-a-Cade time surely will cause that strange, tingling infection.

Some of the web-feet even breed in the Kissimmee Valley. Florida Mallards and Wood Ducks guarding their fluffy younguns are not infrequent sights to summer fishermen. In the late fall after the teal have vanguarded the migration from northern breeding grounds, the local ducks who hang around are visited by quite a few of the savory yankee-birds. The coveted Canvasback was the most populous last season, with Baldpate second, followed by Ringneck, Pintail, and Greenhead Mallard. Though none of these come in spectacular numbers, the Kissimmee probably gets the largest Canvasback aggregation on the peninsula, according to official Commission counts. Within a few years with the large conservation areas in the Everglades built by the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Project attracting more waterfowl to the lower state, duck hunting in the area could possibly begin to match the winter fishing. By the same token, the harsh call of wild geese above the swamp cabbage country could soon be a reality.

Although you won't be able to fire away at the ducks in late October, you *can* give the speckled perch a fling. Just as an aside, Tyson Hole in Lake Hatchineha shouldn't be bypassed when stalking these good eaters. Late October starts the speck season, even though in general the fishing in the Kissimmee Valley is good year around. August and September are sometimes a bit slow, but the bass in the river are nearly always striking something, and by April (when the crappie let up) the bream and shellcrackers rejoin these perennial prizes.

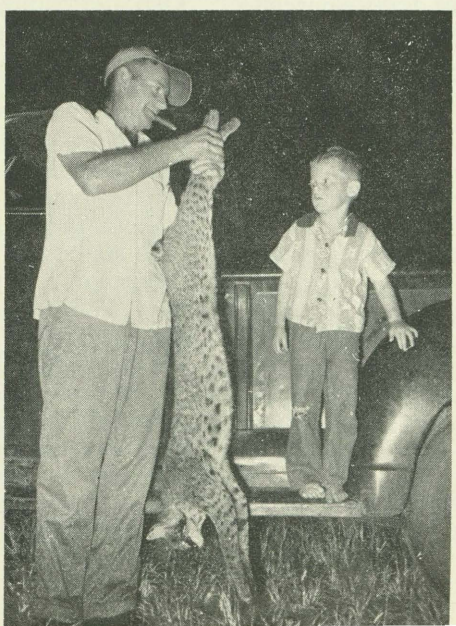
Before dismissing the gun-powder season, it shouldn't be overlooked that some of the finest deer and tur-

(Continued on Page 50)



"Nothin' to it, fellows." Boat-a-Cade anglers Tom Aikenhead and Newton Norris display a formidable string of bass and crappie taken from waters along the outboard route. Many awards are given for piscatorial accomplishments on "Florida's Greatest Outdoor Adventure."

"Big Specks?" These are only some little fellows we snagged while refueling," says Owen Godwin and friend. Tyson Hole in Lake Hatchineha is a favorite spot for Boat-a-Caders to cut their motors for a spell, as is the entire bank-line of the Kissimmee River.

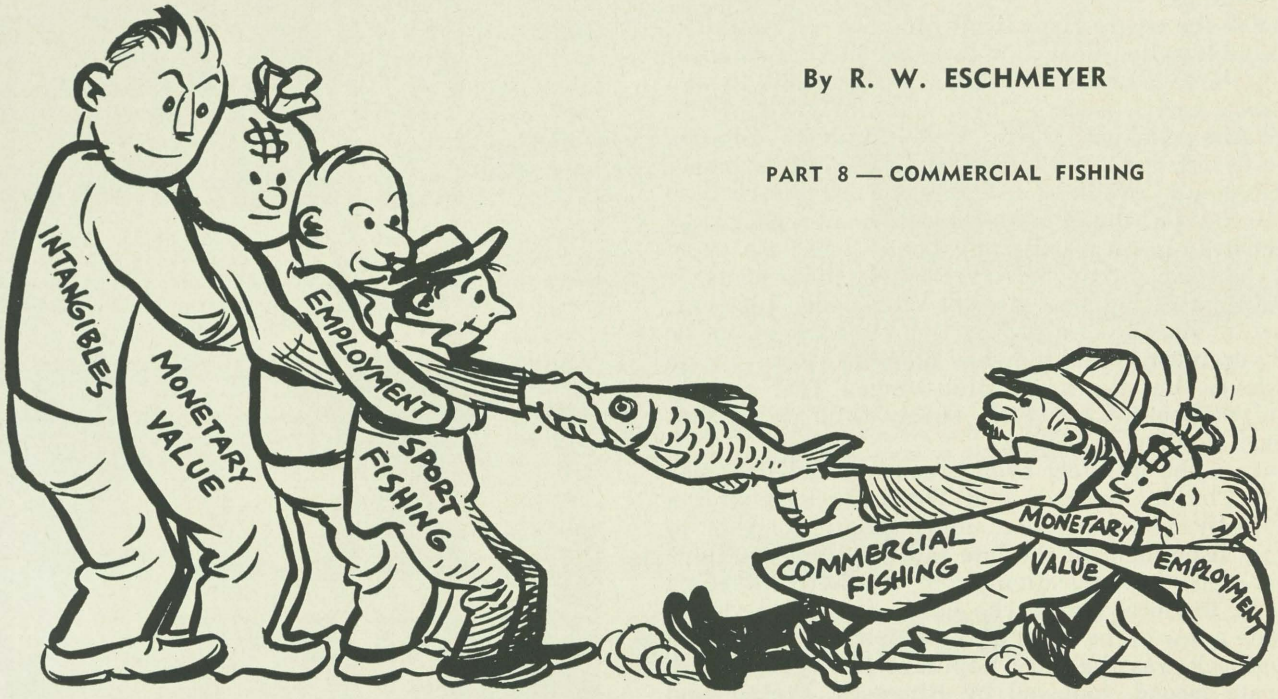


"It ain't a housecat, Boy." The Kissimmee Valley is fine wildcat territory, as evidenced by this trophy shown at a Boat-a-Cade camping site last year.

FISH CONSERVATION FUNDAMENTALS

By R. W. ESCHMEYER

PART 8 — COMMERCIAL FISHING



ANY DISCUSSION of commercial fishing, if it says anything at all, is certain to draw disapproval from one group or another. It's one of the subjects on which people are highly opinionated. Actually, in theory, there seems to be little reason for dispute on the general issue. The arguments center around the desirability of commercial fishing on individual waters or for individual species.

The question of whether sport fishing or commercial fishing should have prior consideration can best be answered by determining which of the two is of greater value to the owners of the fish—the public. This question can be answered very easily from a monetary standpoint, less easily from the standpoint of intangible values.

Insofar as use of the fish for food is concerned, most edible fish are eaten—whether taken by sport fishing or by commercial gear—so this question doesn't enter the picture.

MONETARY VALUE

Monetary values of commercial fish, at retail prices, are easy to get. All you need to do is check the prices at the store or the fish market. The value of fish taken by the sport fishermen is not so easily determined, but a number of figures are now available.

A publication recently received shows values for 119 miles of Madison River in Montana, as determined in a fishermen-expenditure study made by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Two reservoirs on the river are included. The estimated figures for the period 1950 to 1952, in average expenditures per pound of fish caught by anglers, are: Lower Section $3.31, Madison Reservoir $3.47, Middle Section $3.39, Upper Section $7.97, Hebgen Reservoir $8.21.

Other angling figures from studies made by the Fish and Wildlife Service include Lake Maloney (Nebraska) $1.23 per pound; Republican River (Nebraska and Kansas), $2.42 per pound; Pathfinder Reservoir (Wyoming), $3.94 per fish; Alcova Reservoir (Wyoming), $5.39 per fish; Fremont Canyon, $4.61 per fish. On a section of North Fork Sun River, and several associated waters, expenditures per pound of fish averaged $7.41; on Deerfield Reservoir in South Dakota the average per pound was $3.64. On a 5.5 mile stretch of North Platte River in Wyoming, bank fishermen spent $8.13 per pound of trout, boat fishermen, $7.83. On West Gallatin River in Montana average fisherman expenditures amounted to $5.00 per pound of all fish taken.

The California fish and game department has released figures on the value of fishing for striped bass, salmon, and steelhead in 1953. Average of expenditures by California anglers to catch a striped bass was $13.65 (average cost per pound, $3.03). For a salmon it was $16.85 (average cost per pound $1.40). For a

steelhead it was $28.26 (average cost per pound, about $5.60).

According to a study sponsored by the Sport Fishing Institute and conducted by the Maryland department of research and education, the value of sport fishing in Maryland waters of Chesapeake Bay was $9,606,000 in 1952. This department has estimated that 3,388,000 pounds of fish were taken in 1952 by hook and line in Maryland waters of the Chesapeake and Atlantic Ocean combined. For the Chesapeake Bay, then, the average value of each pound of fish taken by sport fishermen is something over $3.00.

It is quite evident that the angler pays far more for the pleasure of catching a fish than the "meat" value of that fish.

INTANGIBLE VALUES

The intangible values of commercial fishing are limited. In sport fishing they are immense, for both adults and young folks. "Keeping up with the Joneses" has become a complicated affair. The need to relax—to get away from it all—grows constantly as our civilized way of life becomes more complex. For millions of Americans, fishing is the favorite form of relaxation. Angling is no longer a dignified way of doing nothing —it's a tonic for frayed nerves.

EMPLOYMENT

Chief argument advanced for commercial fishing is that it furnishes employment. But, here again, sport fishing furnishes immensly more employment, and to people in a wide variety of occupations. Assuming that the average angler spends at least $50 per year on fishing, the expenditure for boats, motors, transportation, special clothing, bait, tackle, and the other items involved, adds up to well over one billion dollars per year. We don't know how many people are given employment by sport fishing but the number is not small.

The argument that commercial fishing must not be restricted because it will cause unemployment, is hardly worth discussing. We "restricted" market hunting, without regard for the employment question. Each time we buy a new car we completely ignore the fact that some mighty nice folks were put out of work by shifting from horse and buggy to the horseless carriage. The blacksmiths, buggy-whip makers, harness workers, and wagon builders all took a whipping. Changing conditions call for changes in employment.

ADDING IT UP

The commercial vs. sport fishing question adds up to one answer: If fish supplies are not adequate for both kinds of fishing, then the sport fishery must have first consideration. Where the two are in direct conflict, sport fishing must have priority. Basically, the question is no different from the sport hunter vs. the market hunter problem, which was solved some years ago.

With this point firmly established (we hope), where does commercial fishing fit into the picture? It fits in wherever it does not seriously interfere with sport fishing and, of course, in those many instances where it helps sport fishing.

Fish of desirable species for angling are sometimes present in big enough quantities to serve both sport and commercial fishing. A good example was the Ohio fishing during the past year on Lake Erie. Sport fishermen had excellent success on walleyes and perch. Yet the commercial fishermen did so well that they tended to glut the market.

Many fish species are of little interest to sport fishermen. Yet, these fish may compete seriously with the more desirable fishes. Removal of the less desired species can be expected to benefit sport fishing.

We discussed the importance of controlling rough fish in an earlier article on population manipulation. There are actually many instances where we couldn't have good sport fishing if rough fish weren't controlled by commercial gear. Moon Lake, in Mississippi, is an excellent example. Here, some few years ago, local sportsmen insisted that the lake be closed to commercial fishing. They were unable to get the support of the fish and game authorities, but they nevertheless were able to get a special bill passed by the legislature outlawing this fishing. Sport fishing soon started to decline, and continued to do so, as had been anticipated by fishery workers. Finally, the law was repealed, the lake was heavily fished with commercial gear, under close supervision of a state fishery worker. Angling improved on Moon Lake as a result of this activity. We realize now that on some waters certain species must be harvested if we are to have good fishing for other species.

THE PROBLEM

As mentioned earlier, in theory the problem of sport vs. commercial fishing is a fairly simple matter. The fish are worth far more, in both tangible and intangible values, when taken by sport fishing. So, where fish supplies are inadequate for both kinds of fishing, the commercial fishing must give way to angling. To us, that's the answer, theoretically.

In practice, there are complications. Just where shall commercial fishing be permitted? And to what extent? These are questions which must be answered locally —by down-to-earth fact-finding programs. There are no simple, general over-all answers to them. END.

Dear Lil:

By ABBOTT KAGAN

Wesley and Jimmy in camp on a pine island.

November 25, 1954

Dear Lil:

A hunt in the wilds of the Everglades; the alligators, the water moccasins, the Indians, how my thoughts ran when Doc proposed it. To him it was old stuff; he had hunted for years, and he did nothing to control the soaring of the spirits or the intriguing glamour of the word "Everglades" except smile. Now I can smile with him for it is indeed intriguing. Never had I had the privilege of such a good hunt with such good huntsmen. You saw the preparation, the excitement, the return. I hope this gives you a fill in on details as they happened during the first five days of season's opener for wild turkey and deer.

Planning our hunting trip was most important. Six of us went down in two rigs, which is commonly called a swamp or marsh buggy. Doc and Jimmy took theirs and Ted took his. Wesley and Dan rode with Doc and I anchored Ted's. The season opened on the 20th of November for wild turkey and deer, so we decided that better we get to camp on the 19th and be ready to open the season with a bang on the 20th.

By the evening of the 18th of November, we had checked and double checked every item we could think of and Dr. Wesley Cone of St. Petersburg, and Dan Hodges of Fort Myers, who had been out of town, had arrived and had packed their gear in the trucks, cars, and rigs we were taking on the trip. Anticipation was high and we were ready to roll the next morning for that was the day before the season opened and we had to check through the State Game Checking Station at Royal Palm Hammock before entering the woods.

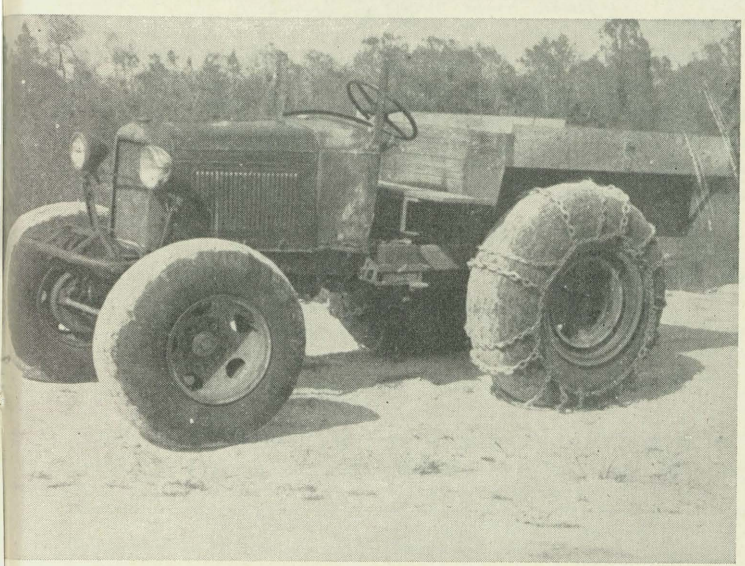
The arrival in force at the Checking Station occurred about 10:00 A.M. and the Game Warden checked all our gear, our licenses, and our guns. Where to go and how to get there was the next item of importance, but Jimmy Whidden solved that question in a hurry. He had already surveyed the area in his own mind and decided that Buckhorn Island was as good a place to hunt as any.

Riding with Ted Randall was a pleasure. Ted's a young fellow who knows the woods pretty well and when he's not hunting he runs his own ranch. It was no jolt when we stopped, after having traveled about two miles, and strapped on the chains. These, Ted said, were to keep us from sticking in every mud hole in the Glades, and speaking of the Glades, I visualized wide sweeping marshes as far as the eye could see. I was in for a shock. The marshes were there all right, but between marshes were woods, and I mean virgin pine and cypress trees. The men I was with spoke a new language. They spoke of islands and strands, of heads and hammocks, of Prairies and Ponds. Actually, by definition they were correct, but I just wasn't used to hearing it said that way. You know what an island is—well, they used the word island to express the same thing; that is, a piece of land surrounded by water. Therefore, when Ted said, "That's a pretty pine island", he meant that the pine trees were standing on high ground and surrounding this high ground was the swamp with water ranging from 3 inches to 3 feet. A strand is a finger-like projection of trees, usually cypress, which runs through a swamp and may be thick or thin with trees, or narrow or miles through. A strand also includes vines, other water loving trees and bushes, and when thick, requires an expenditure of tremendous energy to penetrate. It's a veritable jungle. A head refers to an unusually large stand of cypress in a strand. If you looked at a strand and saw a rise in the elevation of cypress trees, this would be a head. A Hammock is an island of cabbage palm trees and is called this instead of a cabbage island. A prairie is what I call a meadow. It's a flat piece of land, covered with grass, and may or may not be covered with water. These may be small, covering not over a tenth of an acre, or large, covering thousands of acres. A pond, on the other hand, is a very low area and is usually found in cypress heads. It is here that water is always found in the Glades, even during the very dry winter and spring months before the rainy season starts.

But to get back to the trip, Jimmy was ahead and after putting the chains on, our Dentist friend, Wesley, came to ride with us. Everybody really had to hold on to his teeth on that trip, being that Doc. Walter Ganey, Wesley, and myself were tooth Dentists. I remember asking Ted in what gear we were in and he answered that we were in low ratio second second. The first indication of tough going came when we came out of a palmetto island and started to go through a strand. Before I realized it, Ted had squeezed through two huge cypress and was in the process of climbing up the side of another with those big airplane tires. Speed was almost, but not quite, at a standstill and up we went until we had room to clear, then down we went. Only this time we went down about three feet below the level of the water, which was running board high as we entered the strand. This up and down business went on about half an hour and we were through that strand to come up to this beautiful, to me, flat grassy prairie. But what a disillusion! We hit the prairie in low, low, low and away we went at a snails pace. We had traveled a good two hundred yards when Ted said that we'd better walk and then said we'd better push, and then said we were stuck.

All this happened in a period of 30 seconds. We were bogged down but good. Both back wheels down to the hub caps. Now comes the jack. First we jack up the one side by using the chain. Under the wheel we lay a cypress pole; we do the same with the other side and out she comes. This happens about 3 times and then we start carrying our poles with us. We're smart! When the rig starts to bog, down goes the poles, shoulders against the body and out she comes.

This goes on for hours. Across Little Whitney, through dozens of strands and pine and palmetto islands, through rock island and finally to bed springs camp, which is barely short of Buckhorn. It's nearly 6:30 and getting dark, but flashlights come on, gas lamps are lighted, somebody grabs an ax and cuts some lighter, and in a few minutes we have a fire going. Doc gets his utensils out, the foods get sorted, cooking started, the tents go up, the beds go down and two hours later, dead with fatigue, soaked with water and mud, slapping at mosquitos, we all crowd



Ted's rig ready for whatever the swamp country roads have to offer.

into our sacks with the promise of a good season's opener tomorrow. We haven't seen a camp for 3 miles and as far as we know, nobody is within 3 miles of us.

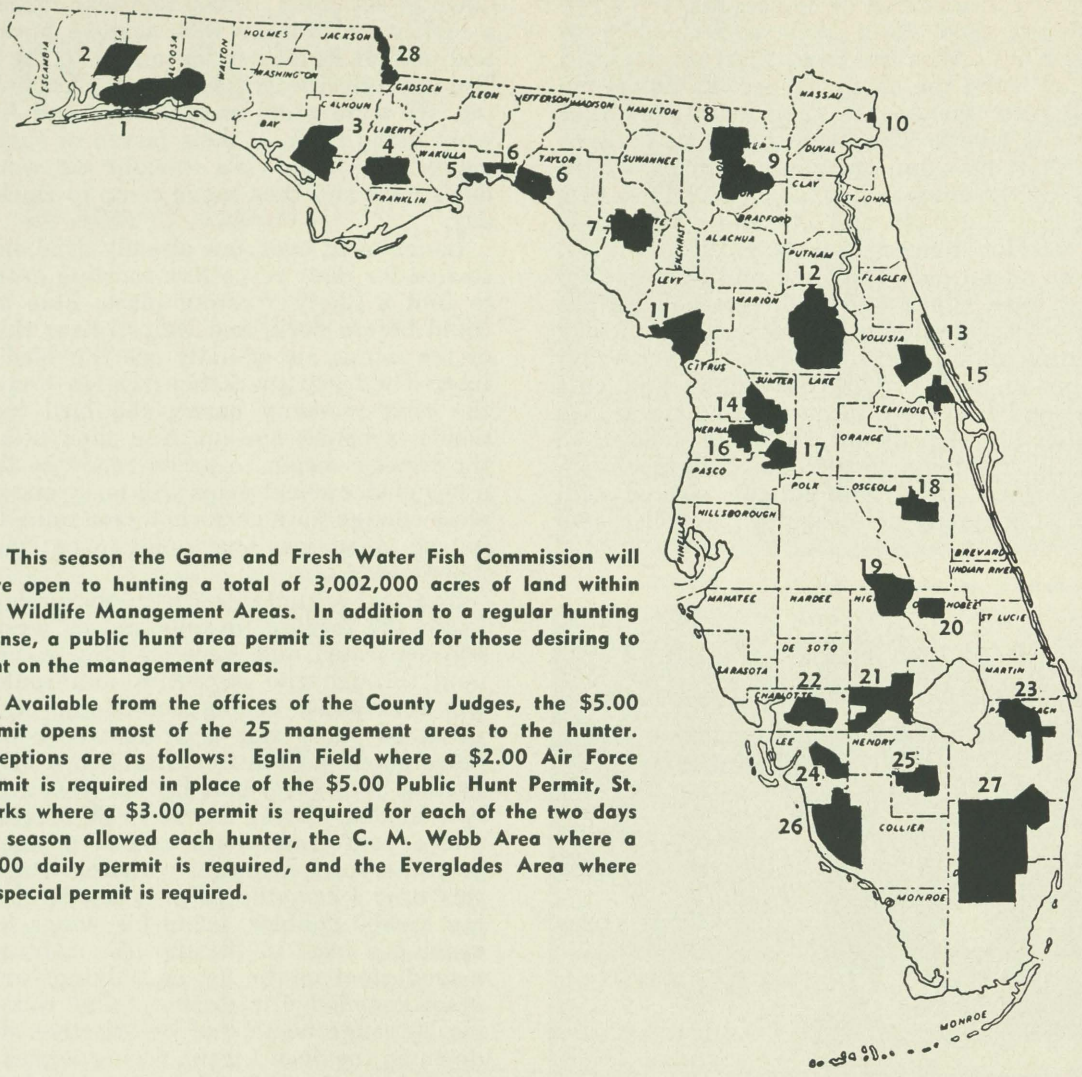
There are many ways to hunt turkey and deer in the Everglades. The method we chose, which seems to be the most common, was to spread apart about 100 yards and quietly slip through the woods, stopping often to look and listen. Ahead lay a prairie, then a big island. After walking the length of the prairie, we quickly found out that the island ran parallel to the prairie we had walked up, so we hunted back to camp. Walking, stopping, yelping, looking—a steady chore if done right. Ted was to the right about 200 yards when up came his shotgun with a double bang. He had walked through a small strand and walked up on a bunch of turkeys feeding about 80 yards off. Just as he looked up, they saw him and started to run. No game in the bag, but racing hearts and itchy fingers soon replaced our complacency. We now walked like Indians. Every cabbage tree held a potential turkey; every myrtle held a potential deer. We walked back to camp to meet Doc and Wesley who had hunted their area without seeing game. Doc had shot two squirrels and had prepared rice and squirrel pilau (pronounced perlew) for lunch. We had just settled down to eat when Jimmy and Dan came in, each with a turkey and Jimmy with a spike buck. Jimmy then told us that Buckhorn lay ahead to the Northeast and Ted and I decided we had hunted part of it that morning. We were going back to roost and Jimmy and Dan were going back to their bunch of turkeys; Doc was going with them. We thought we would finish that day's hunt and then move camp to Buckhorn the next day.

Lunch over, everyone already tired, hot, but excited, started for their respective roosting grounds. We were to find a likely roosting place, hide as good as we could before dark, and wait to hear the woosh-woosh of the wings, or actually see the bird fly up to the limb. Then you mark his position and get back to it the next morning before the bird leaves its roost, which is before sun-up. You then hide again and as the turkeys begin to preen ready to leave the roost, a few choice select yelps will make them fly and alight close enough for a good shot. One thing Doc kept warning us about was that quiet meant no noise and no movement.

Ted and I hunted back to the area where we had found the feeding turkeys and as we approached we had separated and were stalking game. Quietly slipping through the palmettos and rank undergrowth, we anticipated seeing something. Suddenly ahead about 80 yards was a woosh-woosh of wings and it being about 4:00 in the afternoon, I hit the deck, eyes darting in all directions trying to see where the turkey had landed. Lying in water 3 inches deep was no picnic, so I crawled up against a pine tree and as I peered around, again the whirring wings sounded, only this time I saw the culprit; about 80 yards away, a big turkey gobbler, using his wings for lift, was arranging a feast in the top of a cabbage palm. Being a tenderfoot in the art of stalking turkeys, I had no great knowledge to draw on. One thing I did know—my 20 gauge would not be effective at that range, so down on the deck I went, trying to pick up 30 yards to get in gun range. I didn't measure, but after about 4 crawls, the turkey lifted his wings and sailed out of the tree; he had seen me.

(Continued on Page 45)

Jimmy coming out of a cypress head with his buck.



This season the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission will have open to hunting a total of 3,002,000 acres of land within the Wildlife Management Areas. In addition to a regular hunting license, a public hunt area permit is required for those desiring to hunt on the management areas.

Available from the offices of the County Judges, the $5.00 permit opens most of the 25 management areas to the hunter. Exceptions are as follows: Eglin Field where a $2.00 Air Force Permit is required in place of the $5.00 Public Hunt Permit, St. Marks where a $3.00 permit is required for each of the two days per season allowed each hunter, the C. M. Webb Area where a $5.00 daily permit is required, and the Everglades Area where no special permit is required.

	Name	Acres Open to Hunting	Acres Closed to Hunting	Ownership	County
1.	Eglin Air Force Base	390,000	70,000	U. S. Air Force	Santa Rosa, Okaloosa, Walton
2.	Blackwater		85,000	Florida Forest Service	Santa Rosa, Okaloosa
3.	Roy S. Gaskin	110,000	98,000	Private	Gulf, Bay, Calhoun
4.	Apalachicola	100,000		U. S. Forest Service	Liberty
5.	St. Marks	3,000		U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service	Wakulla
6.	Aucilla	100,000		Private	Wakulla, Jefferson, Taylor
7.	Steinhatchee	225,000		Private	Dixie, Lafayette
8.	Osceola	65,000	42,000	U. S. Forest Service	Columbia, Baker
9.	Lake Butler		96,000	Private	Union, Baker, Columbia
10.	Little Talbot Island		250	Florida Park Service	Nassau
11.	Gulf Hammock	100,000	20,000	Private	Levy
12.	Ocala	185,000	90,000	U. S. Forest Service	Marion, Putnam
13.	Tomoka	41,000	9,000	Private	Volusia
14.	Sumter-Citrus	30,000		Private	Sumter, Citrus
15.	Farmton	50,000		Private	Volusia
16.	Croom	17,000		U. S. Soil Conservation Service	Hernando
17.	Richloam	48,000		U. S. Soil Conservation Service	Hernando, Pasco, Sumter
18.	Holopaw	22,000		Private	Osceola
19.	Avon Park	108,000		U. S. Air Force	Polk, Highlands
20.	Okeechobee	16,000		Private	Okeechobee
21.	Fisheating Creek	100,000	175,000	Private	Glades
22.	Cecil M. Webb	57,000	5,000	Game & Fresh Water Fish Comm.	Charlotte
23.	J. W. Corbett	97,000		Game & Fresh Water Fish Comm.	Palm Beach
24.	Lee	85,000		Private	Lee
25.	Hendry	27,000		Private	Hendry
26.	Collier	300,000	50,000	Private	Collier
27.	Everglades	720,000		Central & Southern Florida Flood Control District	Palm Beach, Broward, Dade
28.	Woodruff	6,000	1,000	U. S. Corps of Engineers	Jackson
	TOTALS	3,002,000	741,250		
	Grand Total	3,743,250			

APALACHICOLA WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

THE 100,000 ACRE Apalachicola Wildlife Management Area is located within the Apalachicola National Forest in Liberty County. It lies south of Florida Highway 20, between the Ochlockonee and Apalachicola Rivers.

The vegetation type on this management area is predominantly pine flatwoods and titi swamp with some scrub oak-longleaf pine ridge country toward the western boundary. Most of the area is drained by the New River system, through Tate's Hell swamp, into the Gulf of Mexico. All the streams are slow moving, black water runs with mud bottoms.

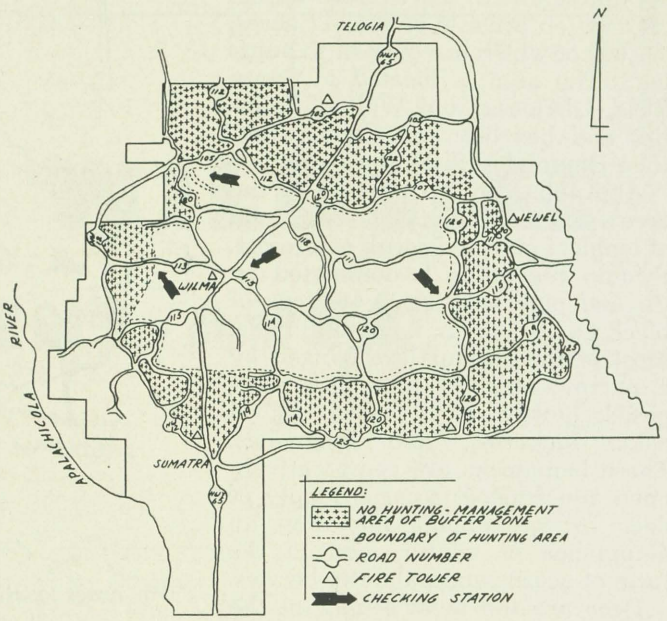
At the present time, game is not abundant on the Apalachicola Area. Deer are the most sought after species occurring in this vicinity, although there is some interest in both fox and gray squirrels. Several of the small ponds and portions of New River offer a limited amount of duck shooting. There is also a limited amount of turkey and quail hunting.

The main research projects being conducted on the Apalachicola at the present time include a vegetational composition survey and seasonal deer population counts.

All roads, bridges, and fire lines are maintained by the U.S. Forest Service. Controlled burning of the flatwoods on a three or four year rotational basis provides an abundance of deer browse in the form of young shoots which push through in the wake of the fire. With the present low in deer population, the production of browse far exceeds that utilized by the animals.

Bears are comparatively common and the annual bear hunt during October has become extremely popular since the first one was held in 1951. Each party is limited to a maximum of 17 hunters. Application for party permits must be made in advance, to the Game and Fresh Water Fish commission. The special bear hunt permit costs $50.00 per party for each hunt of 3 consecutive days.

Bears are comparatively common in the Apalachicola Wildlife Management Area and the annual bear hunt during October has become extremely popular since the first was held in 1951.



APALACHICOLA WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

For exact location of all Management Areas, check map and chart on page 32.

Most of the deer hunting on the Apalachicola is conducted with dogs. The regular $5.00 management area permit is required, in addition to the hunting license. Hunters must check out of the area each day. Three checking stations are maintained and are open from dawn until all hunters have checked out.

Camping is not permitted on the management area during the hunting season, although many hunters camp elsewhere within the forest.

The following table indicates the deer and bear kill on the Apalachicola Wildlife Management Area during the past four years;

Year	*Deer*	*Bear*
1951	4	3
1952	12	9
1953	9	6
1954	8	1

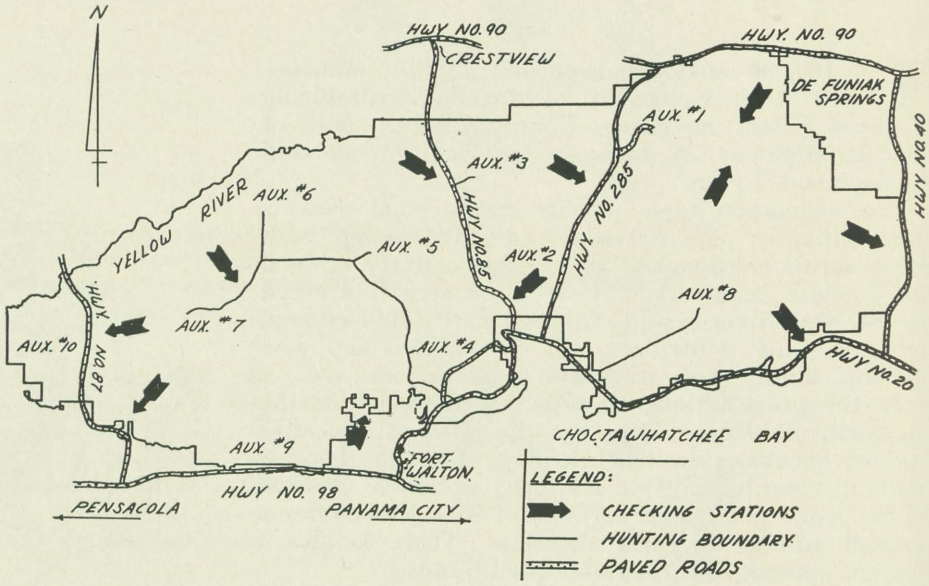
END.

EGLIN WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

THE EGLIN Air Force Base Reservation consists of 461,117 acres, 390,000 of which are opened to hunting. The area is located in Santa Rosa, Okaloosa, and Walton Counties and lies between Choctawhatchee Bay and U.S. Highway 90.

Approximately 75 percent of the area's wildlife habitat is composed of longleaf pine and scrub oak forest. Swamp vegetation is dominated by titi and pine with some sections of black gum, cypress, bay, and maple. Most of the swamps are fringed by a narrow band of hammock composed mostly of liveoaks, laurel oaks, hickories, and magnolias. These hammocks are comparatively open and support a good supply of deer browse plants, including an abundance of winter food in the form of acorns and palmetto berries.

Deer are the most sought of the game species on the Eglin area, however gray (cat) squirrels, fox squirrels, turkeys, quail, wood ducks, and feral hogs are also hunted. Protected animals include bears, beavers, and alligators.



EGLIN WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

For exact location of all Management Areas, check map and chart on Page 32.

Deer are the most sought of the game species on the Eglin Wildlife Management Area.

Several research programs are in progress on Eglin Field. The Fish and Wildlife Service is studying the results of quail food plantings in the pine uplands. The game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is carrying on studies concerning the deer herd of the Eglin Field area. All research programs are conducted with the cooperation of the U.S. Air Force.

Each year the Air Force plants more than 200 acres of food for wildlife. The plantings include oats, rye, and wheat for turkeys and deer; chufas and peas for turkeys; and partridge peas, hairy indigo, and lespedeza for quail.

The Air Force Roads and Grounds Division of the Installation Group maintains all roads and bridges on the area. There are more than 500 miles of maintained roads and considerably more which are passable when weather conditions are favorable.

The U.S. Air Force rules and regulations. Permits are available from Air Force Forestry Section towers, guard stations, Eglin pass deartment,

and county judges offices in Escambia, Santa Rosa, Okaloosa, Walton, and Bay Counties. Copies of hunt regulations are available from the permit issuing agency at the time the permit is obtained. The permit is priced at $2.00 except to hunters over 65 or under 15 years of age to whom the permit is issued without charge.

During the past two years, a special archery hunt has been conducted at Eglin. The bow and arrow men are required to purchase a $5.00 archery permit which is on sale only at the Forestry Section office at Jackson Guard Station.

The area is open to fishermen and many take advantage of the angling possibilities on such streams as Alaqua, Rocky, Turkey, and Boiling Creeks as well as on East River, and the many ponds in the vicinity. Fishing permits are on sale at all towers and guard stations for $1.00 each.

The deer kill on the Eglin Area during the past four seasons was as follows;

1951	481
1952	531
1953	560
(plus 3 killed during archery hunt)	
1954	491
(plus 1 killed during archery hunt)	

END.

RICHLOAM WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

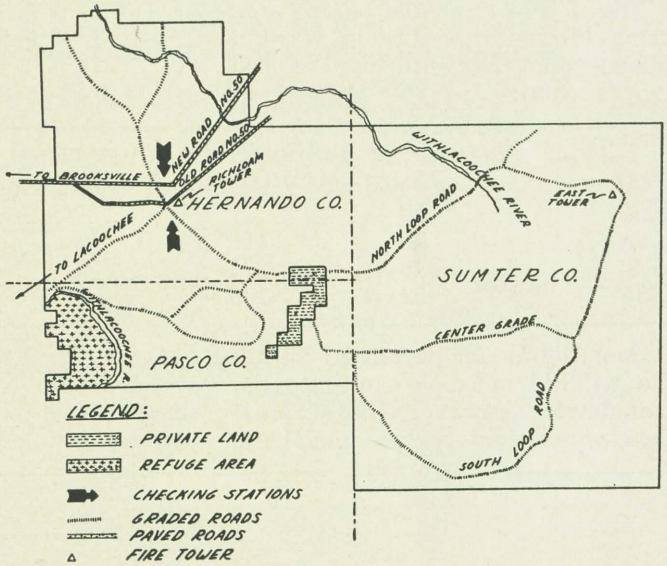
THE RICHLOAM Wildlife Management Area in Sumter, Pasco, and Hernando Counties is comprised of 63,000 acres of low flat pine lands, cypress heads, and scattered hardwood hammocks. The area contains numerous grassy lakes and stretches of both the Big and Little Withlacoochee Rivers. Ownership of the land is vested in the U.S. Soil Conservation Service. In 1952, the Game Management Division of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission negotiated a ten year lease on the Richloam, thus bringing this sizeable acreage under the Commission's Wildlife Management Area program.

Particularly good for squirrel hunting, the Richloam area also supports good populations of deer, turkey, quail, dove, and waterfowl. The area was opened to public hunting for the first time during the 1954-55 season.

The Game Management Division is seeking to bring about an increase in game populations in this area by habitat improvement and restocking. In cooperation with the U.S. Forest Service, a program of controlled burning is being conducted. Scientific agronometric practices are used to grow plots of grasses, legumes, and other plants useful as game food. In addition, eight turkey feeders are being maintained on the Richloam at present.

In 1951, 12 deer and fifty wild turkeys were released on the area. Smaller releases of turkey have been made from time to time.

The following table indicates the game kill for the 1954 season, the first year the Richloam Area was opened as a public hunting ground;



RICHLOAM WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

For exact location of all Management Areas, check map and chart on page 32.

Year	Deer	Turkey Gobblers	Turkey Hens	Quail	Squirrel Gray	Fox	Dove	Duck
1954	17	19	19	373	2525	83	2	55

Camping, fishing, and other recreational uses are allowed throughout the year. A graded sand road enters the area. A roadside park is located one and one-half miles east of Lacoochee, on the Withlacoochee River. During the hunting season, camping is permitted only within one hundred yards of the main road.

END.

OSCEOLA WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA

THE OSCEOLA Wildlife Management area, located east of Lake City, consists of 106,000 acres of land lying within the Osceola National Forest. The area was established in 1937 through a cooperative agreement between the U.S. Forest Service and the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

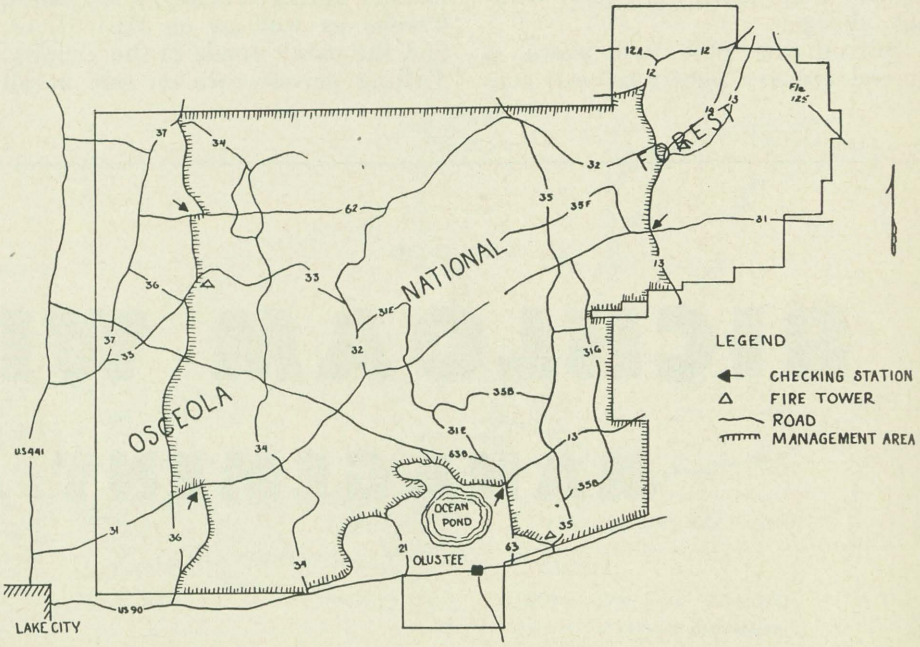
Approximately 63 percent of the Osceola wildlife habitat is of the flatwoods type with the balance consisting of cypress ponds, hardwood swamp, and oak ridges. The deer is the major game species sought on this management area, although squirrel hunting is also good.

The Osceola offers the still-hunter an opportunity to exercise his skill and patience for hunting of deer with dogs is prohibited. Dogs are allowed for deer hunting in the territory adjacent to the managed lands however.

Special bear hunts with dogs are held each season although lack of experienced bear dogs has limited the bear kill during recent years.

In 1940, 35 deer (18 bucks and 17 does) were released on the area. The extremely low deer population in this vicinity at that time was attributed to illegal hunting.

The following table shows the game kill on the Osceola Wildlife Management Area during the past four seasons;

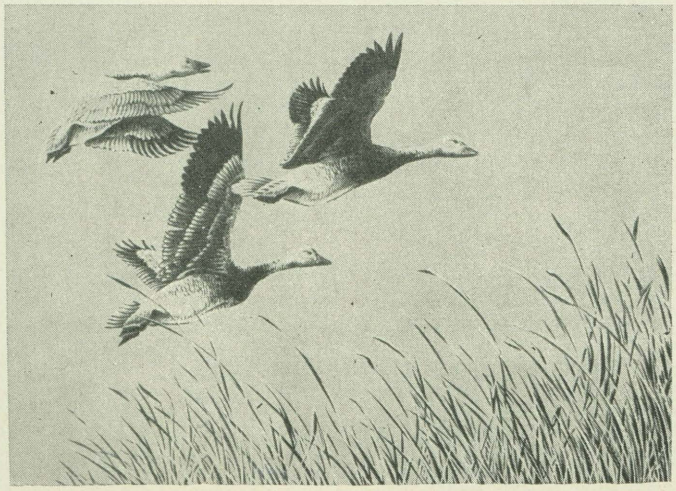


For exact location of all Management Areas, check map and chart on Page 32.

Year	*Deer*	*Squirrel Cat(Gray)*	*Fox*	*Quail*	*Bear*
1951	15	...	..	.	.
1952	28	316	..	.	1
1953	16	374	9	2	.
1954	32	105	2	.	.

Camping is not permitted within the wildlife management area boundaries however the Forest Service maintains a recreational site at Ocean Pond where 5 acres of land are available to campers. In this same locality the Forest Service also maintains a lodge which is available for rent to large parties.

The Osceola is one of the few management areas which is operated without the support of Federal Aid funds. The rise in the deer population on the Osceola demonstrates the value of law enforcement on an area which, although containing good deer habitat formerly supported few deer because of illegal hunting activities. END.



WATERFOWL HUNTERS

Make certain you have a 1955-56 Federal migratory waterfowl hunting stamp before hunting waterfowl. Available from your local post office at a cost of $2.00, the stamp is required of all waterfowl hunters 16 years of age or older.

Your name must be signed in ink across the face of the stamp before you hunt.

The Blue Geese shown at the left are featured on the 1955-56 stamp and are from a drawing by Stanley Stearns.

OUTDOOR REVIEWER

By JACK SHOEMAKER

COMPLETE BOOK OF FRESH AND SALT WATER SPINNING, By Eugene Burns, Illustrated by Al and Pat Cunningham, Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, 232 Madison Ave., New York City. Price $4.00.

Seems that the country has gone spinning conscious and this is as true of Florida as it is of the rest of the States. You might say that a revolution has hit the art of fishing, and this book describes in full every aspect of the method of angling.

Techniques, methods and the latest equipment are all included. There is one chapter that will be of particular interest to you how-to-do-it-yourself folks for it tells you how to make your own spinning rod.

The Cunninghams have beautifully illustrated this book with line drawings and there are a number of four color pictures to acquaint you with various pieces of tackle. The type is big and easily read while the book is well written, making for an exciting armchair fishing trip.

* * *

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF OUTBOARD MOTORBOATING, By Hank Wieand Bowman, Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, 232 Madison Ave., New York City. Price $5.75.

For the past several years we've become acquainted with all sorts of encyclopedia on fishing, on fish, on game, on birds, on insects, etc., and just recently this book reached us to bring us the all-round story on motorboating.

This book will be welcomed by all boating enthusiasts, be they amateur or professional, for this volume covers all aspects of the motor—its design, choosing the proper one, breaking it in, rountine maintenance; then the boat—choosing one, handling, repair, uses; and most important an entire chapter is devoted to navigational rules and safety.

The last part of the book is given over to the fellows who like to race boats and the special problems they will encounter. Florida comes in for some special attention with word about the Kissimmee Boat-A-Cade, the Oklawaha River cruise and all the other major cruises that boatsmen in this state take.

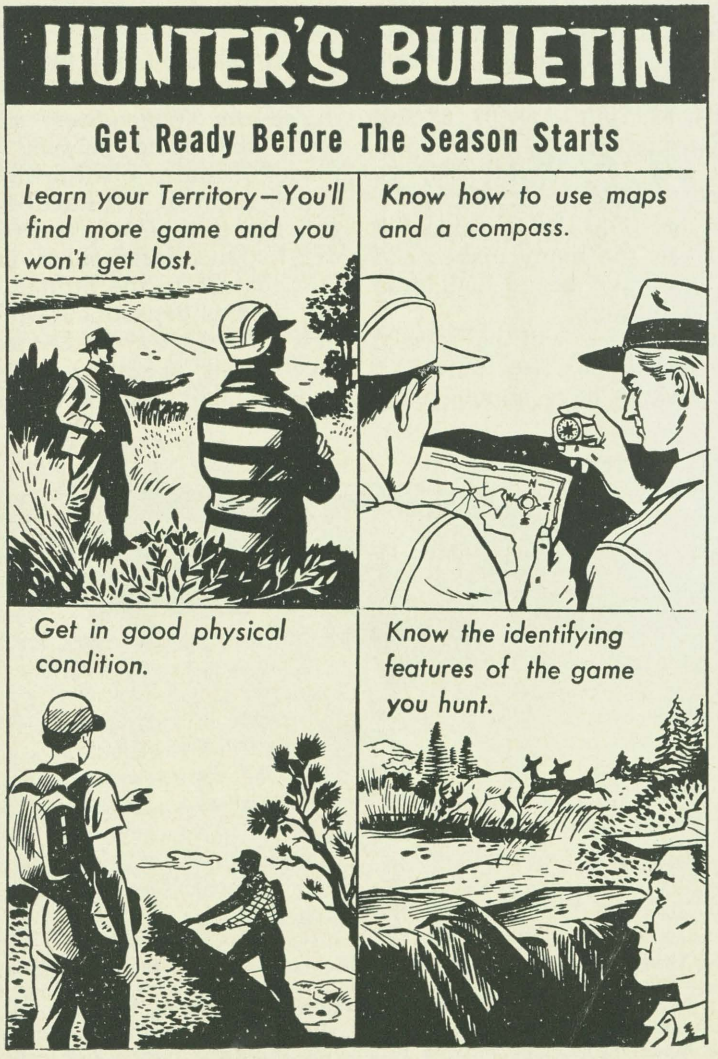
* * *

MODERN SPEARFISHING, By Vane Ivanovic, Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, 232 Madison Ave., New York City. Price $3.75.

Fast becoming one of the most popular aquatic pastimes, skin-diving and its ally spearfishing result from the second World War. We might allow as how it's one of the few good results of that conflict. But nevertheless, frogmen, who had much to do with demolishing obstacles in the path of invading soldiers, are the persons responsible for bringing this sport to the eyes of the general public.

Just recently this writer had occasion to try the face mask and snorkel in the waters off St. Petersburg and I found it an exciting experience. I now know somewhat the feeling that a person gets as he glides along the bottom of the body of water looking for combat with a big fish. That's why I got a big kick out of this book as I'm sure most of you readers will.

Here is a comprehensive book telling you all the things you need to know about this sport. The author is one of the pioneers of spearfishing and he has glided through waters all over the world. He spends much time on equipment and training needed for successful spearfishing as well as keeping yourself alive. This last thought is quite important and he stresses breathing under water and the part pressure plays on the human body. END.


HUNTER'S BULLETIN
Get Ready Before The Season Starts
Learn your Territory—You'll find more game and you won't get lost.
Know how to use maps and a compass.
Get in good physical condition.
Know the identifying features of the game you hunt.

muzzle flashes

By EDMUND McLAURIN

DURING THE PAST two hunting seasons, especially, a record number of Florida and non-resident hunters have purchased licenses and have hunted in favored areas of the state for legal game. For their attempted game kills, these usually eager nimrods have carried a surprising assortment of weapons—surprising even to a firearms editor whose everyday thinking is centered to a considerable extent on guns. In the turnouts of 1953 and '54, Florida hunters have been witnessed seeking their game with everything from ancient flintlock rifles of Kentucky pattern, to handguns originally manufactured for law enforcement, home protection and target shooting! Sandwiched between the two extremes have been old reliables like the Winchester models 94, 64, 70, 61, 71, 07, 63 and 62; the Remington 141, 81, 121, 513, 241, 550 and 721; Marlin 336, 39, 81 and 88; Savage 99, 23 and 340 — all rifles, and only the beginning of a long list of the many makes and models that have been shouldered by Florida hunters.

This year there will be several new representations, for American firearms makers have announced a number of new models during recent months, either of entirely new design and working principle, or new facials for one or two old favorites. Some of the new shotguns were discussed last month; this issue, new rifles have the spotlight.

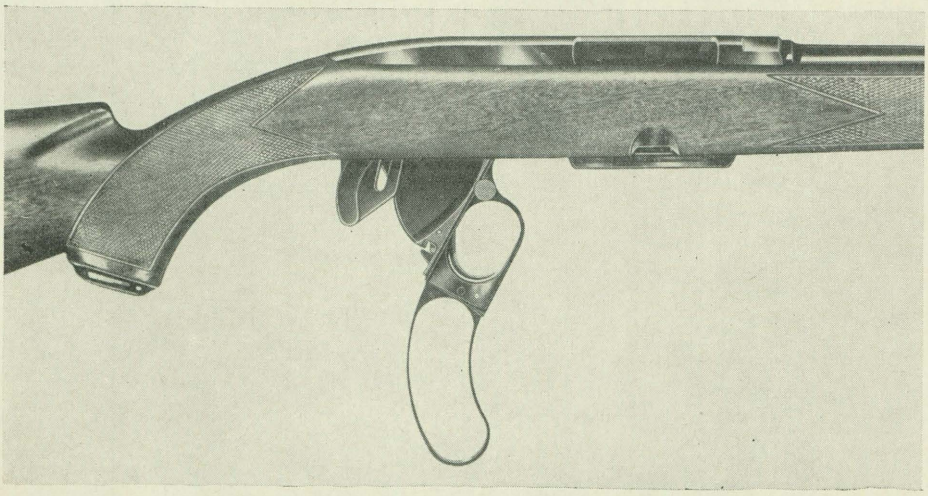
First spotlighted walkout of the 1955 firearms fashion parade is the radically new and different Winchester model 88 hammerless lever-action rifle in .308 caliber, creation of Winchester's Wally Butler, not Dior. Sleek in its contours, with bumps only in the right places, the new big-game class repeater is modern styling symmetrically expressed, handsome in appearance and, like chinchilla fur, luxurious to the touch.

Like almost five million other lever-action rifles that have been produced by Winchester, and have made the name famous, the new model 88 is also a fast-firing weapon. Either right or left-handed shooters can fire it rapidly from the shoulder for successive shots, an important feature to the hunter. Test firing by this department showed the new Winchester to be smooth in mechanical operation and just as good in that respect as the model 1886, long referred to as "the smoothest lever-action ever designed". Accuracy tests ran high, and ahead of previous, more loosely breeched, Winchester lever-action models. Groups of three inch maximum spread for five shot strings fired at 100 yards, from prone and sitting positions, were simply a matter of consistent holding and trigger squeeze.

Sensational feature of the new 88 is the way the trigger mechanism has been made an integral part of the lever, to permit the shooter to maintain constant finger contact with the trigger during the time the lever is making a short, 60 degree forward throw, to operate the mechanism for successive shots. With the firer's hand remaining in the finger lever and his forefinger in the trigger guard, the loading lever moves smartly forward throughout its short swing and returns as easily to original position. There is no chance for the shooter's hand or any of his fingers to be pinched by the closing action. First phase of the lever's swing unlocks the action, retracts the breech bolt fully rearward and extracts and ejects the fired cartridge from the right hand side of the rifle. On the return stroke, the forward-moving breech bolt feeds the top cartridge from the five-shot clip magazine into the chamber and securely locks the action by an automatic twist of the front-locking, three-lug style, rotating bolt. Closed, the breech bolt fits very tightly against the cartridge head, a condition important to accuracy and maintained headspace. This tight, minimum headspace, and complete shrouding of the cartridge heads when the action is fully closed, should make continued firing of high-pressure loads feasible and safe.

Barrel length is 22 inches, bored, rifled and chambered to exacting specifications for the .308 Winchester center fire cartridge, similar in velocity and power to the .30-06, and capable of killing anything from varmints to the biggest game on the North American continent.

For sights, Winchester has utilized the combination of a hooded white metal bead front sight mounted on a ramp, and a Lyman folding middle leaf sight, adjustable for elevation. Though a receiver-type rear sight is not furnished as standard equipment, the 88's receiver is drilled and tapped for all popular, top-located telescope sight mounts and receiver aperture sights like the Lyman, Williams and Redfield products. This department strongly rec-



The shooter firing Winchester's new Model 88 big-game rifle, in .308 caliber, can keep his finger on the trigger bow even while he is operating the lever for a short, 60 degree reloading stroke. The 1955 introduction is a radical change from Winchester lever-actions of previous manufacture; breeches up more closely; rivals in firing speed the famous Winchester Model 1886, long referred to as "the smoothest lever-action ever designed."

ommends installation of a close-to-the-eye receiver sight, used with large "buckbuster" size peep aperture, or a low power scope. The factory-supplied folding rear leaf sight can be retained in folded-down position and used as a "check sight", or as a full-fledged rear sight in case of field mishap to the preferred rear sight. Location of the 88's ejection port on the right hand side of the receiver makes possible low, direct-line mounting of scopes, an innovation compared to the off-set mounting necessary with the old-style, top-ejecting models of Winchester's line of lever-actions.

The stock on the new Winchester model 88 is of one-piece American walnut, streamlined and attractively checkered at pistol grip and both sides of the fore-end, which is semi-beavertail style and fits the shooter's hand nicely. Medium height comb, with flute and non-slip Nylon butt plate, is standard, and gives an ideal line of sight for metallic sights, but may require some building up following a scope installation. Technical measurements give the 88's stock a 13½" length of pull, 1⅝" drop at comb and 2½" drop at heel.

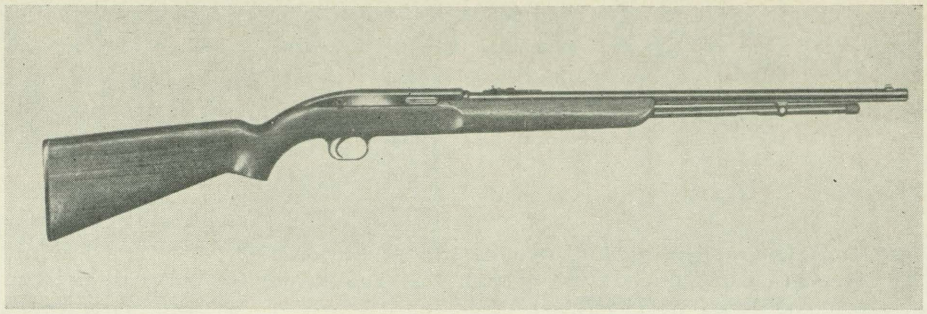
The barrell and its metal assembly are held in the stock by a single screw located in the fore-end. Changing the exerted tension of this screw has a pronounced effect on the way the rifle will group and owners of the new 88's should carefully determine the best screw tension by conclusive firing tests. Though the 88 can be separated in respect to stock and mechanism, the new rifle is not a true take-down model.

Total weight, with factory furnished sights and sling swivels, is approximately 6½ pounds, depending on the density of the walnut from which the stock is carved. Selling price is $123.95.

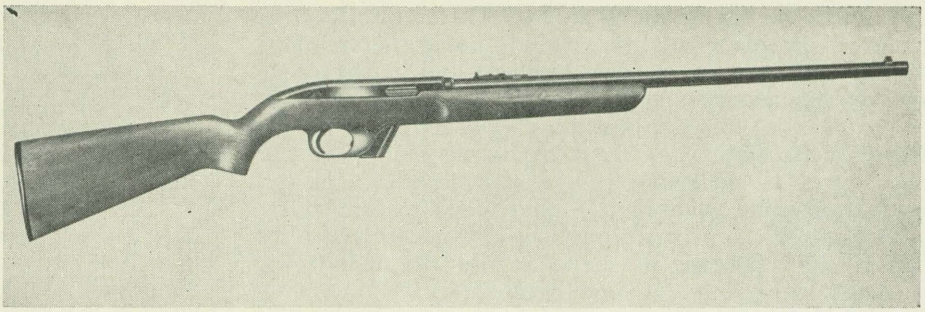
The Winchester Model 77 Autoloading .22

Companion firearms parade fashion piece to the Winchester model 88 high-power rifle, is the New Haven firm's model 77 .22 caliber autoloading rifle, made in both clip-magazine and tubular loading styles, with streamlined receivers grooved for the Weaver Tip-Off scope mount. The new 77 represents a long needed and low-priced improvement over the excellent, but too-short-stocked model 63 autoloader.

Disassembly and examination of the interior parts of the new Winchester .22 by the editor of MUZZLE FLASHES showed good machining and finishing of the various metal parts. No cheap metal stampings were found.



Squirrel hunters will fall in love with the new Winchester model 77 .22 caliber autoloading rifle, streamlined companion to the big-bored model 88. Both clip-loading and tubular magazine versions are made. Our firearms editor much prefers the tubular, 15-shot capacity style.



In firing tests, both the clip and tubular magazine models rattled out shots without jamming, regardless of make or mixed brands of ammunition used. Like any other autoloading firearm, however, the Winchester 77 must be kept free of the grease and powder goo that gradually build up in the breech and breech-block of any fast-fired repeater.

With stock dimensions in trigger pull, comb and heel pretty close to those of the big-bored 88, the model 77 makes an ideal companion piece for the new lever-action and a very fine inexpensive .22 for squirrel shooting and general plinking. The man-sized stock feels right when snuggled against shoulder and face, an aid to good holding and shooting. Two guard screws hold the rifle in the stock, for what is intended to be more or less permanent assembly.

A large rotary thumb safety on the right hand side of the receiver provides a positive safety as, when in the safe position, the trigger is effectively blocked against accidental release. As with other autoloading rifles, the model 77 fires its shots consecutively only when the trigger is released between shots; it cannot be held back for "full automatic" action, the last and unneeded and undesirable style of firing.

Chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge, the new Winchester autoloader will operate on either regular or high speed ammunition. In the clip magazine model cartridge capacity is eight shots. The tubular magazine model, which sells for $5 more than the clip version, holds 15 cartridges.

Accuracy tests conducted by this department were above the average for rifles of autoloading design; the new 77, the finished tests showed, will shoot just as accurately as a shooter can hold and aim from normal shooting positions. No autoloading weapon, as a rule, ever gives the accuracy that can be had from a quality bolt-action, but these new Winchesters come close.

MUZZLE FLASHES much prefers the tubular magazine model of the 77, considering it more pleasing to the eye than the projecting, Nylon plastic trigger-guard and clip-housing version. Too, there is a knack to fast insertion of the supplied cartridge clip and more so in respect to its rapid removal, that takes a little time and practice to acquire than the loading of the tubular-style magazine. Although some readers may prefer the factory-supplied bead front sight and graduated open rear sight, this editor believes that substitution of a flat-top blade front sight and a receiver peep sight, like one of the Lyman or Williams models, will enable users to shoot closer to the true accuracy capabilities of the

(Continued on Page 47)

OSPREY TO THE RESCUE

By GORDON MARSTON

THE AMERICAN OSPREY is one of the great, spectacular fishermen of the world. His reputation is established and deserved.

Spotting a fish from a height of 100 feet or more, this aviating angler will fall from the sky like a bomb and with unerring accuracy seize its prey in tenacious talons.

Though he fishes alone in his role of family provider, his at-home qualities include being sociable and tolerant. He allows smaller birds to live in the crevices of his massive nest.

His colonial instinct permits him to dwell in neighborly contentment, even, in some instances, in the vicinity of a bald eagle, a notorious piscatorial pirate.

One observer, watching a bald eagle making daily attacks on a fish-carrying osprey, estimated that only about forty percent of the time did the fish hawk succeed in getting the food back safely.

The human breadwinner, looking dolefully at the various deductions in his pay check, may gather some solace in the plight of the industrious osprey whose "take home fish pay" is a daily problem.

The osprey is not entirely without retaliatory gumption. Occasionally he will reverse roles, hijack an airborne fish transported by a bald eagle. An Audubon tour group reports seeing it happen several times in the Florida Keys during the winter of 1950-51.

My wife and I have special appreciation of the osprey. One of them, whom we came to refer to as Ossie, saved us from a horrible experience in the Florida Everglades. We discovered that in addition to other known attributes he had a built-in radio beacon.

Ossie was a typical osprey in typical surroundings. Our attention was first focused on him as he perched on a huge nest atop a gnarled, dead cypress tree that reached fully 80 feet in the air. A cypress or a pine standing in a lake or on the shore of a river is favored by the osprey.

The tree must be sturdy because the nests are bulky, sometimes as large as 3½ feet in diameter and 2½ feet in depth. The nest is often used season after season and the result is a weighty accumulation of cypress and pine sticks, Spanish moss, water hyacinth plants and palmetto leaves.

From our 36 foot cabin cruiser, Sea Scribe, anchored five miles up Little Shark River we kept close watch on Ossie. His wing spread appeared to be about five feet, maximum for the adult bird, and his body length seemingly came within the 21 to 24.5 inches ornithologists have found in the growth range. An average osprey weighs four pounds.

We saw him fish. The force of some of his power dives sometimes put him under water momentarily. He would rise swiftly, shaking off water from his plumage. We also noticed that he would arrange the fish headfirst as he flew back to his nest. This, we later learned, is standard procedure.

Whenever Peggy and I rowed around in the little pram that accompanied Sea Scribe, Ossie would send out a series of short mellow whistles, repeating it several times.

We were determined not to stray far away. It is easy to become lost in the mangrove wastes of Little Shark. Exciting fishing and equally stirring observation of bird life caused us to make a number of turns and side treks into small creeks.

The result was confusion and the sickening sensation of being lost when it came time to return. We were confronted with three routes, all looking much alike. There wasn't time to try all of them.

Worst of all it was late in the day. Insect life in the Everglades, especially around sundown can reach terrifying proportions. Old timers talk of dark clouds of man killing mosquitos descending on people caught out at night, lost and unprotected.

Clearly we were in a dangerous position as we chose one passage that led around a long, mangrove island. For several minutes we couldn't recognize a landmark. With energy born of desperation I rowed faster and faster.

After several minutes, Peggy told me to stop and listen. In the distance could be heard the rich, clear call of "cheep, cheep, cheep." Ossie, the Osprey, was sending out his beacon message.

We like to think that Ossie saw our plight from his high station in the cypress tree. He definitely did lead us back to Sea Scribe and safety.

The range of the osprey is practically world wide. They're in Europe, in South America, in the United States, generally along the coastal plains but the osprey we will always remember, wherever we are, is Ossie. Ossie and his built-in radio beacon. END

VISIT FLORIDA'S PARKS

There stands at the confluence of the Halifax and Tomoka Rivers a statue commemorating the fate of the Indian for whom the Tomoka State Park is named. Similar to his Caucasian counterpart, Ponce de Leon, Tomokie sought possession of supernatural qualities by partaking of the waters of a particular Florida spring. By so doing, Tomokie defied the edict of a tribal deity. For his transgression, Tomokie was killed by Oleta, a warrior maiden and custodian of the sacred spring. Located on the site of an ancient Indian village, this popular state park is on the Old Dixie Highway, three miles north of Ormond Beach in Volusia County.

FISHING

By CHUCK SCHILLING

I HAVE JUST RECENTLY returned from a fishing trip to the famous trout waters of northern Michigan. There was an even dozen of us on this junket, and we were all connected with the world of sport fishing; that is, as writers, professional casters and teachers, or through the fishing tackle industry. We were assembled from all sections of the country, and our combined experiences in the art of angling were quite extensive.

During the heat of the day and after chow in the cool of the evening, the talk was on the usual conversation pieces of angling. We settled no questions, but it was interesting to listen to the various points of view. Here are some of the things we talked about.

WHAT'S A GAME FISH?

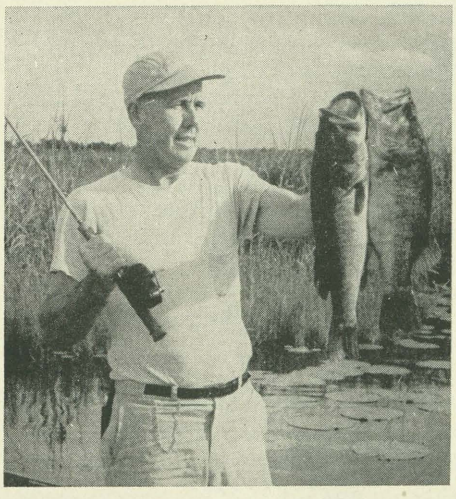
Here's one that will get you nothing but arguments. Any single standard you try to apply will get you into trouble. Strength or the ability to resist capture can hardly be the proper yardstick. Anyone who has ever hooked a fresh-water carp can tell you that this lowly fish will give you an excellent battle. Still, no one would call him a game fish. The same goes for many sharks, jewfish, and other "non game" salt water species. So—what makes them "non game?"

Some think a fish's willingness to take an artificial lure is essential if he is to be "truly game." Again, we run into contradictions. How about the sailfish, who is customarily taken on strip bait or whole mullet? It's true that sails can be taken on spoons or plugs, but doing so is in the "stunt" category. How about swordfish, that are considered tops as salt water gamesters, and who are always taken on bait? Not even as a stunt would anyone try broadbills on artificials. On the other hand, I have caught many catfish who hit popping bugs fished on a fly rod. Would this make catfish "game?"

Our group favored the theory that a fish's "gameness" is best measured by his ability to jump and leap in his fight for freedom. If he will, also, strike a top water artificial lure—all the better. This system of measuring a fish's "gameness" by his jumping ability makes a lot of sense. It explains the snook's great popularity as compared to the channel bass, although both are of an approximate size and excellence on the table. It is a reason why the ladyfish is admired by all, while the sheepshead and drum are considered trash, although they are both strong fighters.

Using leaping ability to measure "gameness" explains why the garfish is universally despised while the bowfin (mudfish) commands a grudging admiration because of his splendid leaping ability. Think of the great game fish that measure up to this standard—tarpon and sailfish—bass and trout—landlocked salmon and arctic grayling (the last reputed to be the grandest jumper of them all).

But wait—how about the bonefish? Here is a fish that has been billed as the epitome of gameness, but, alas, he doesn't jump. Wary and spooky?—Yes! Strong and fast? — Yes! — Yes! Take artificials? — Yes! Jump?—No. We are still looking for a definition for a "game fish" that will meet all the tests. If you have one, we'd be glad to hear it.



A pair of beauties that measured up to all the requirements—high jumping black bass that took spinning size top water floaters on the famous Jensen Savannas

SALT OR FRESH — BEST?

I once started a fishing yarn with a quote from the late Don Marquis that goes as follows:

"Salt water fishing is the same as unskilled labor and is of relatively no importance. It is to fresh water fishing as chicken stealing is to quail hunting."

Needless to say, the salt water boys racked me back. Nothing was settled then or will it be now. The old, old argument of salt versus fresh water angling still goes on.

I've stuck my neck out on this before, and I'll do it again. If you agree that sport fishing is best as an easygoing, contemplative pursuit, traditionally paced to ease the mind and rest the soul of the angler —if you will further agree that the end purpose of the art of angling is not dead fish in a box—then I would undertake to convince you that fresh water angling is best suited to the primary concepts.

There are many reasons why salt water angling does not measure up to the best in fresh water. First is the nature of the salt water fish. We all know they are big and rough. In my opinion, No — repeat — no fresh water fish compares to his salt water cousins in strength, stamina, and pure cussedness. Because salt water fish are so rough and strong, the tendency for the salt water angler is to depend more and more on his own strength and the ability of his tackle to endure. This sort of battle between man and fish does little to "soothe the soul" or promote "philosophical musings."

Another big factor in a comparison between fresh and salt water angling is the taint of commercialism. Sport fishermen have just about eliminated the dollar sign from our fresh water angling picture. Fresh water anglers are sportsmen in that they cannot sell their catch. The bass or bream we pur-

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

sue in our Florida fresh waters are valuable only for their food or aesthetic contribution.

In salt water, all too often, the salt water game fish is sought primarily for his market value on a fish house scale.

It is difficult to gauge the value of salt water angling as a sport when there is no competent means of separating the commerical from the sport fisherman among its participants. The definition of a commercial fisherman can only be "one who sells fish."

I am well aware of the thousands of wonderful anglers who fish salt water with a high dedication to the best principles of sport fishing. If I offend any of these gentlemen or ladies of the rod and reel, it is unintentional. In any comparison between fresh and salt water angling, the WHOLE of both must be considered.

THE LIVE BAIT QUESTION:

I am being pretty optimistic to start a paragraph with the above heading at the end of a column. It would take a full size feature to handle this subject, and then it could be only lightly touched upon.

The big question as I see it is not in regulations against the use of live bait, as some states are now doing, but in deciding if fishing with live bait can be considered "sport." Let's examine this angle for a moment. In our companion sport of hunting, practices similar to fishing with live bait have long been outlawed. Nimrods do not consider taking advantage of their game's natural feeding habits or appetites as "sporting." As a result, doves are not allowed to be lured to a "baited field." Deer cannot be attracted to salt blocks or "burns" in the woods. Ducks cannot be attracted by live decoys. These and many more instances attest to the opinion among hunters that it is not "sporting" to take advantage of the game's natural instincts.

"Meet Mr. Baxter, Dear. Mr. Baxter and I want to get an early start fishing in the morning."

It is, perhaps, easier to catch a fish on a live and crippled minnow than to use an imitation made of wood, plastic, metal, hair, or feathers. It is certainly productive to fish for brood bass on a spawning bed using huge shiners for bait. The bass hit the live bait to drive it away from the nest rather than to eat it. Dropping worms into a spawning bed of bream is more productive than fly casting the shore line with popping bugs. The question here is "is it sport?" Many sportsmen lean to the theory that the "sport" in catching a fish is in fooling him into taking a lure that is NOT a natural bait. The presentation of the lure, the action imparted to it, the light tackle and delicate handling necessary for this type of fishing contribute to its sportiness.

A cane pole fisherman uses heavy tackle and worms to catch a half pound bluegill. The fly fisherman uses the lightest of fly gear and a tiny, dry fly to catch a twin of the fish taken on the heavy tackle and the worm.

Did both fish supply "sport?" Were they both taken by "sport" fishermen? Let's hear some expressions from our readers on this subject. END.

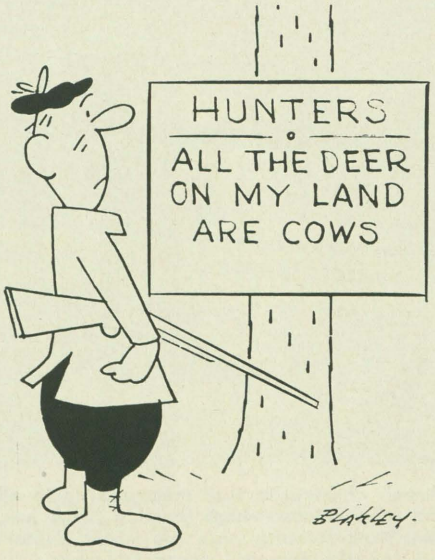
NATIONAL OUTDOOR SURVEY

DATA OF THE amount of time and money that American sportsmen spend annually on hunting and fishing will be collected for the first time on a national basis in 1956. Acting Secretary of the Interior Clarence Davis has announced that the Fish and Wildlife Service will supervise the project and publish the final results.

This nationwide personal interview survey, scheduled to start next January after preliminary field-testing, will provide information on the number of persons (12 years of age or older) who participated in recreational hunting and fishing during 1955; the days spent by them in these pursuits, and the amount of money spent which can be directly attributed to these sports.

No nationwide survey of this scope has ever been conducted previously, although a number of states have carried out similar surveys within their own borders. Methods employed varied to such an extent that is has been impossible to correlate the data for use on a national basis.

To obtain accurate data, the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, meeting at Seattle, Washington, requested the Fish and Wildlife Service to contract with a survey organization for a nationwide economic survey of hunting and sport fishing activities.



Crossley, S-D Surveys, Inc. was the successful bidder and a contract has been signed between that firm and the Fish and Wildlife Service. In addition, a number of state fish and game departments have indicated their interest in expanding the survey for their particular state, and will be able to do so through individual contracts with Crossley.

At the request of the International Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners, the cost of the survey — $134,000 — will be financed from funds available to the Fish and Wildlife Service for administering the Federal Aid in Fish and Wildlife Restoration programs. END

FEDERATION NOTES

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Florida Wildlife Federation, Saturday and Sunday October 1 and 2, 1955, at the Daytona Plaza Hotel in Daytona Beach, Florida will be in conjunction with the Annual Meeting of the Southeastern States Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, October 3, 4, and 5, 1955. Registration will begin at 8:30 A.M. Saturday October 1, 1955. The following program will be presented.

Annual Meeting Program
Oct. 1 and 2, 1955

Saturday A.M. Oct. 1, 1955

Registration, Main Lobby 8:30-9:30 A.M.

GENERAL SESSION 10:00 A.M.
Vice Pres. Samuel Du Bon presiding
Introductions and Announcements
The State of the Federation—H. R. Wilber, M.D. Pres. Florida Wildlife Federation, DeLand, Florida.
The State of the Commission—A. D. Aldrich, Director, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.
The State of the Department—Ernest Mitts, Director, Department of Conservation, Tallahassee, Fla.
As We See It—Allen Corson, Florida Outdoor Writers Association, Miami Daily Herald, Miami, Fla.

Inter-Committee Luncheon
12:00 Noon
Committees from — Southeastern Fisheries Association, Florida Outdoor Writers Association, Florida Wildlife Federation

GENERAL SESSION 2:00 P.M.
Pres. H. R. Wilber, M.D. Presiding
Our Services to Florida — Ernest Swift, Ass't. Director, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Department Interior, Washington, D. C.
St. Johns and Kissimmee River Basins—a Forum—James McBroom, Washington, D. C., Coordinator River Basin Studies, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service; C. R. Gutermuth, Washington, D. C., Executive Vice Pres. Wildlife Institute; H. E. Wallace, Vero Beach, Fla., Game and Fresh Water Fish Comm.; W. Turner Wallis, W. Palm Beach, Fla., Executive Director Florida Flood Control District.
Citizen's Aid to National Conservation—Carl Shoemaker, National Wildlife Federation, Washington, D. C.
Boys Will be Men—A. D. "Bud" Jackson, Field Secretary, National Wildlife Federation, Springfield, Mo.
Presentation Appreciation Certificate—U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.
Publicity and Conservation — Mike Hudoba, Conservation Director Outdoor Writers of America, Washington Editor, Sports Afield Magazine, Washington, D. C.

DINNER MEETING 7:00 P.M.
Main Dining Room
Service With Usual Menu,
Not Banquet Style

Sunday A.M. Oct. 2, 1955

Committee Breakfasts 8:30 A.M.

GENERAL BUSINESS SESSION
9:30 A.M.
Secretary's Report—Don Southwell, Ormond Beach, Fla.
Treasurer's Report — Fred Gill, Zephyrhills, Fla.
Committee Reports — National Affairs, Helen Sullivan, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Legislative, Eric Watson, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.; National Wildlife Week, Charles Schilling, Jensen Beach, Fla.
Our Message to Our Affiliate—A.D. Jackson, Field Secretary, National Wildlife Federation.
Election of Officers.
Invitation to Annual Meeting — Southeastern States Association Game and Fish Commissioners, O. Earl Frye, Ass't. Director, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

A Tentative Program for Sunday Evening at the Peabody Auditorium will include an address by Governor LeRoy Collins, following an afternoon reception at the Hotel for Governor Collins, Members of the Wildlife Federation and the Game and Fish Commissioners. END.

IT'S A CINCH

(Continued from Page 18)

suit. Strode also pointed out that, unlike a bullet, an arrow kills by severing veins and arteries, causing hemorrhage, not by shock like an expanding bullet, and actually passes more readily through flesh than the best of expanding bullets.

Another on-the-spot observer, a G&FWFC Wildlife Officer familiar with the areas hunted and in close contact with archers entering the designated special permit areas, claimed that one reason many Florida bowman never get killing shots is because they are not thorough in applied techniques. "Most of the serious archers are careful to wear inconspicuous dark green and brown clothing, or deliberately camouflaged attire, and also take pains to reduce face and hand reflections, but forget altogether about the importance of minimizing natural body scent; about neutralizing the light reflecting surfaces of carried bows and worn belt buckles, and the art of stalking. Last year FLORIDA WILDLIFE carried a most complete article on hunting with bow and arrow. If more archers had followed the hunting techniques and suggestions printed in the magazine instead of trying to invent new methods or rushing around the woods without a plan of operations, more game would have been killed last year. Of the few who did make worthy kills, nearly all utilized the hunting information given in our state outdoor magazine." (Editor's note: See "Archery in October", Pages 22-25, October 1954 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE.)

If you haven't tried hunting with a bow, it is never too late to start. Last year Norman Sweeney, of New Hampshire, while on an outing with friends, saw a deer enter a patch of woods during New Hampshire's declared season for archers. He rushed home, borrowed money from a relative to buy equipment, rushed to the nearest sporting goods store and bought his outfit and license, and rushed back and killed his deer with one shot! But archer Sweeney was just plain lucky. Florida bucks don't come that easy! Several hundred Sunshine State bowmen will vouch for that fact. END.

MEADIUM DONE WILDLIFE RECIPES

By ELENA K. MEAD

HALF THE FUN of camping out is cooking out. And the sporting goods houses are well-stocked with gadgets that are guaranteed to boil, broil, baste, brown, or burn to suit the most discriminating gourmet.

You can invest a little or a lot, but simple home-made equipment, easily carried in the trunk of your car to be whipped out at a moment's notice is within the range of any fisherman's pocketbook. Nothing to pump up, nothing to breathe upon, no wicks, no burners, no nothing—but a good clean heat to fry your catch on, any time, anywhere.

The first one is so simple you've probably already used it at some time or other. We devised it for backyard picnics when Brother Bill and we were kids. Not having a real barbecue pit, we simply scooped out

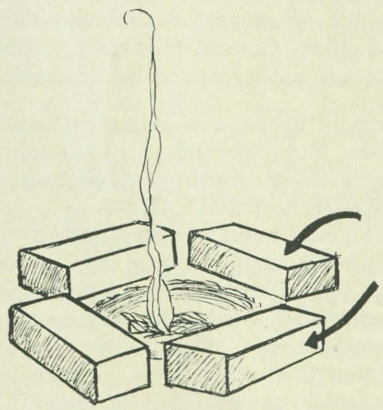


DIAGRAM A

a small hole in the ground about four inches deep, surrounding it with three or four bricks laid on their sides, with just a little space left open at the corners for the fire to "breathe." (See Diagram A).

A few shavings or slivers of lighter wood in the bottom of the hole will start any fire. Lay small chunks of wood on top of the blaze. When they are reduced to hot coals, set your skillet on the bricks, and presto-nice, clean heat for cooking.

Better still, in this day and age, carry a small bag of coke or "brickettes" in your car trunk to burn instead of wood. It'll make a hotter fire and a cleaner one. And when your meal is over, it's a simple matter to put the fire out by scooping sand over it with one of the bricks from your "stove."

The next piece of cooking equipment we borrowed from an old colored friend of ours who cooks fish better than anyone we've ever met, regardless of color. She takes a pail, finds a spider or skillet that just fits inside the rim. A little way down from the top she pounds a spike through the sides to make some "breathin' holes" — three or four on a side.

When she gets to the River or canal bank where she's going to fish, she fills the bucket about two-thirds full of sand and makes a fire from oak bark, and when it reduces to coals, she has just about the best fire you ever saw for fish fryin'. (See Diagram B).

Putting the fire out is simple, again. She just pours the whole

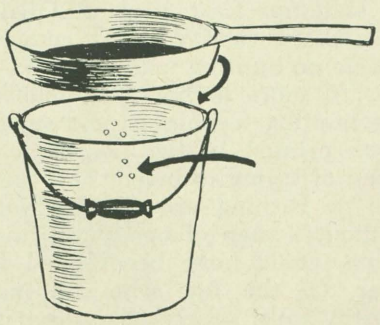
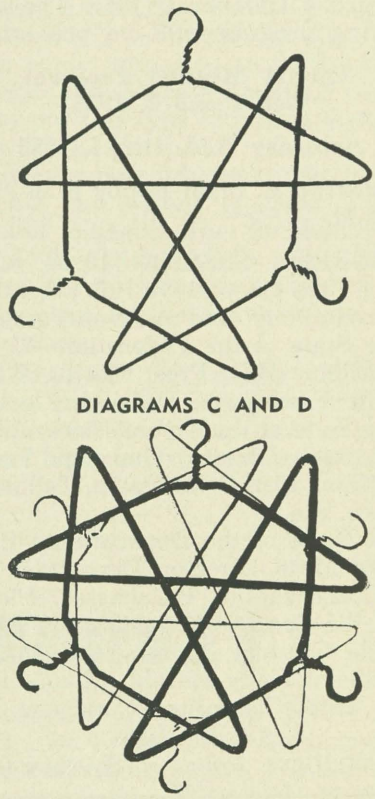


DIAGRAM B

business out on the ground, and the sand or dirt in the bottom of the pail completely covers the fire or remaining coals and out it goes.

Probably the most novel, but one of the best grills for outdoor cooking comes from a friend of ours—Boy Scoutmaster Charlie Chellman. This one is right at your finger-tips—unless you are one of those rare families who do not have an oversupply of metal coat-hangers.

A minimum of three will make a good rack, or if you want it closer woven, use six or nine. Turn the hooks to the outside, then weave the hangers together (See Diagrams C and D). You'll find it reminiscent of the old wire puzzles you did when



DIAGRAMS C AND D

you were a kid, but not nearly so difficult to do. A 10-year-old child can make one with a little patience.

Three hangers made a substantial grill for holding a skillet, six make it close-knit enough upon which you may cook foil-filled packets as described in a recent issue of Florida Wildlife; and nine will make it sufficiently tight for broiling a fillet of fish or a steak.

Scoop out a hole as described in a previous paragraph. Use with bricks as shown in Diagram A, or with a pair of pliers straighten out hooks of hangers and push lightly into the ground.

No cleaning this grill, either—a messy process at best. This rack is inexpensive enough you can afford to throw it away and make a new one for the next time. END

DEAR LIL:

(Continued from Page 31)

We found our game area, then each of us taking a likely spot, we doused ourselves with mosquito repellent, slid in behind a myrtle tree and sat until sundown but not ever a sound was heard. Back to camp where everyone else reported the same results and Doc had whipped up some sausage and eggs that were delicious. Nobody was late to bed that night, and in a few minutes camp settled down.

Jimmy decided we should move camp to Buckhorn since we were quite a distance from the best hunting, so the next morning we moved kit and camp to a more favorable spot. After checking the deer Jimmy had shot, he decided to take it back to Immokalee to put it on ice, so Jimmy and Dan left in Jimmy's rig and the rest of us stayed to hunt. Doc fixed that promised fried turkey, and it melted in your mouth. It was now time to decide where to hunt. So Doc thought the four of us should hunt together on the slip of island where Jimmy had shot his turkey. Ted walked one flank, and Doc the other. Wesley next to Doc and I next to Ted. I think Doc had it figured that this way neither Wesley nor I could get lost. Anyway, Doc had his pet yelper with him and we quietly walked a bit, then stopped, as usual. I was about 200 yards from Doc when I heard him hit his yelper — youk, youk, youk, and he quit. The next thing I heard his Remington 11-48 go clop, clop, and I ran to where he was standing brandishing my gun yelling "What did you see?". I suddenly came upon Wesley with a beautiful gobbler, held by the legs, and as I slowed down Doc threw me another bird. "He is yours", he said, "let's clean them". I stopped ranting after a bit and asked for full information. It seems like Doc had stopped before walking through a palmetto patch and yelped a few times. About that time six or seven turkeys materialized out of the cypress strand where they apparently had been feeding on love vine berries and walked over to find out about the yelping. Doc had gotten in his two shots and was ripping mad over the buckshot he had in as number 2 but wouldn't shuck so he never did get in a third shot.

The next morning Ted and I decided we would hunt the North end of the island, but no results. We did see a huge cypress head which we felt would make a good roost. This head was the largest I had seen so far and we decided to get back early enough to scout for wild orchids which grow especially large in these huge heads. To me that was a highlight. Imagine finding real orchids. The plants we found were huge and lush and some of the cigar orchid bulbs were as long as my hand. We took the orchids home and as you know, have them planted on some of the yard trees. The flowers are beautiful and are tiny and shaped and colored as a cultivated orchid.

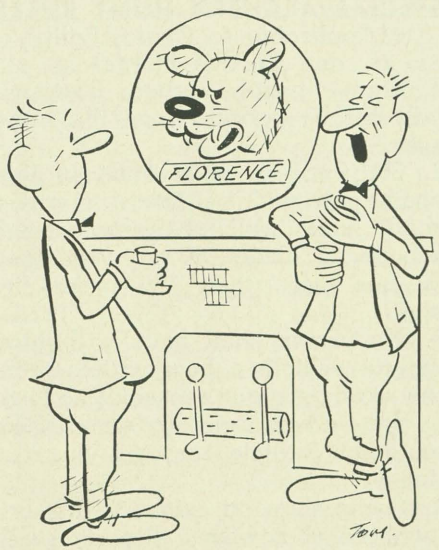
We roosted that evening with no results. Doc and Wesley had no luck either, but Jimmy and Dan had located a roost and were going back the next morning. Dan had shot one turkey he had yelped up that afternoon, and Jimmy asked me if I would like to see a yelper work, since I had said that all yelpers were for the birds and it was all luck and no science involved.

Dan said he would stay close to camp the next day, which was the day we were leaving to go home. So Jimmy and I hit the trail early enough to get to the roost before daylight. Selecting an appropriate place to sit was important, and as it gradually got lighter, Jimmy would hit his yelper a few times and wait. This continued for a while when Jimmy turned and said the turkeys had apparently heard them the night before and had left the roost to find another. We started back to camp and every once in a while Jimmy would yelp. We would wait for an answer, but none would come and then we would continue. I kept telling Jimmy that it was all hearsay when we came to a small palmetto island with a few pine trees scattered about. Jimmy sat down and I lighted a cigarette, resting my weary bones. Jimmy yelped a few times, as usual, and I was going to give him the business when out of a near cypress strand came the greatest array of yelps and peedles and clucks I have ever heard. Jimmy and I both hit the ground and he turned around and grinned at me. "What do you think that is, Doc?" and I just nodded with a kind of silly grin. Jimmy would yelp and then would come the yelps and clucks. There must have been 3 different birds answering him. This went on for about twenty minutes until Jimmy whispered, "Do you see one?" I looked and looked but no turkey, until Jimmy pointed to a large pine tree about 150 yards away. "That's the old lady", says Jimmy, "She's been sitting up there about 15 minutes and it sounds as if she told all the brood to stay in the woods until she found out about the noise".

The old gal would come no closer, so Jimmy asked me what I wanted to do. We had discussed the problem of creeping up on turkeys after my past episode and I had been emphatic in my stand that if I had another chance I would run up hoping to get within gun range before they saw me. Jimmy says this is my time to demonstrate, so I gradually stood up and with everything ready, I took off for the turkey; gun at ready, safety on lock, and legs churning. Jimmy later told me that after about 5 steps the turkey saw me and flew off, anyway I am still at a loss. I don't know what to do should another occasion arise. If it does I only hope its some year when they let us use rifles instead of restricting us to shotguns in the management area. I visualize baked wild turkey in the oven with nary a blemish for you see I am using Doc's 22-250 with the weaver K 2-5 scope, and I can peck their eyes out with this gun. I stop my theorizing, Jimmy laughs, and we stroll back to camp.

As we walk in, everything has been pulled down, loaded on the rigs and the fellows are waiting for us to start the trek home. We are headed North to table camp, but in one big strand we almost, but not quite, give completely up. Ted was driving his rig and about to breathe a sigh of relief for he could see open daylight ahead, when suddenly we came to an abrupt stop. We were in water over the running boards and the clutch was throwing water like a water pump. We got out and all four wheels were bogged down. We jacked and rejacked until Ted in desperation looked at his rig with a light of pure frenzy in his eyes.

(Continued on Next Page)



"Named it in honor of my wife's mother."

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"I ought to leave you here" he said, "but even the squirrels wouldn't have you", and with the jack handle pounded against the rear tire. Doc and Jimmy came back to help, and we were soon rolling again, headed for the unknown.

Across the tram line, deep slough, to a surprisingly well traveled road soon showed a change in direction which pointed toward the checking station at Royal Palm Hammock.

The check-out was like the check-in, only now we had to declare our game. Ted decided to drive his rig back to the ranch, and Doc and Jimmy left theirs for further hunting. Wesley's Buick was a heaven-sent feather down pillow compared to the rigs, and the sixty miles home was just an afterthought compared to one-half mile in the woods. I remember my arrival for as I approached with the wild turkey in one hand and my love in the other, you turned your nose saying you didn't know which of us smelled the worse, me or the bird.

The hunt was a success for we found game in the wilds of the Everglades; the same Everglades where 50 years ago your Granddaddy hunted cows that had escaped the eyes of his herdsmen. We had found peace where it was just me and the watchful eyes of the pond birds; and we found new friendships for trips like that bring out the beast in the hearts of saints. Thanks for helping me get ready and wanting me to go.

Love,
Abbott.

HUNT RULES

(Continued from Page 9)

visor at Hunt Headquarters or by the County Judge of Marion County.

Special Hunt Rules: Hunters must check in and out of checking stations located at Hunt Headquarters at Junction of Forest Roads 18 and 19. Hunters may check in beginning at 8:00 A.M. October 13.

EGLIN FIELD ARCHERY HUNT

(Hunt subject to emergency restrictions of USAF Officials)

Hunt Area: North of Niceville, Florida, in that portion of Eglin Air Force Base Reservation north of the Air Force Railroad and south of Forest Road No. 291, and between Florida Highway No. 85 (west boundary) or other areas as specified by USAF Officials.

Open Season: October 29 to November 6, hunting permitted every day.

Legal Game: Wild hogs and all other legal game except turkey, bear, beaver, and alligator and unprotected wildlife. Deer and wild hogs taken on this hunt will be considered part of the hunter's annual bag and deer must be tagged as provided in State Regulations and with Air Force tag (APH 3272) before removing deer from hunt area.

Permit: A special Archery Hunt Permit costing $5.00 will be required in addition to the regular license requirements. Sale of this permit will be handled by the Air Force through the Forestry Section at Jackson Guard Station, Niceville, Florida, on Florida Highway No. 85.

Checking Stations: Hunters must check in and out of the hunt area each day through Jackson Guard Station, Niceville, Florida.

CORBETT ARCHERY HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Corbett Wildlife Management area owned by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and under fence.

Open Season: October 29 to November 6, hunting permitted every day.

Legal Game: Wild hogs and all other legal game except turkey. No hunter can take more than two of any combination of deer, bear and panther. Wild hog, deer, bear and panther taken on this hunt will be considered part of the hunter's annual bag and deer and hogs must be tagged as provided in State Regulations.

Permit: A special archery hunt permit costing $5.00 will be required in addition to regular license requirements. Sale of this permit will be handled by the Hunt Supervisor at the checking station or by the County Judge of Palm Beach County.

Special Hunt Rules: Hunters must check in and out at the Indiantown checking station. Hunters may check in beginning at 8:00 A. M. October 28 and must check out by noon November 7.

SPECIAL ARCHERY HUNT RULES

(Applicable to Ocala, Eglin and Corbett Hunts)

1. Guns, pistols, other firearms, will not be permitted on the hunt area.
2. Only a bow of at least 40 lbs. dram pull will be used. Arrows shall have well sharpened steel broadhead blades of not less than ⅞ nor more than 1½ inches in width.
3. No person shall have with him in any vehicle a bow which is in the strung position nor shall he load or shoot a bow from any automobile or other vehicle, moving or stationary.
4. Game showing evidence of having been shot with a firearm shall be considered illegal game.
5. Legal game can be transported only during the special archery season and for a period of three days immediately following the latest open archery season.
6. No person shall have in his possession or under his control any type of poisoned arrow or any arrow with explosive tip.
7. No dogs allowed on the hunt area during the special archery season.
8. Any rule or regulation that governs the operation of hunts on the Ocala, Eglin or Corbett Wildlife Management Area and is not in conflict with the preceding special archery hunt rules shall be in effest on the special archery hunts.

WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA HUNT REGULATIONS

1. A special $5.00 Public Hunting Area Permit, in addition to regular license is necessary to hunt on all Wildlife Management Areas except Eglin Field, St. Marks, Cecil M. Webb (Charlotte County), Everglades and Special Bear and Archery Hunts. Public Hunting Area Permits may be secured from any County Judge in the State.
2. Hunters must check in and out at designated checking stations when entering or leaving Wildlife Management Areas.
3. Guns and dogs are prohibited except during open seasons.
4. Hunt participants must report their take to check stations upon leaving the Management Areas.
5. Except as stated in Special Regulations, legal game, bag, and possession limits will be the same on the various Wildlife Management Areas as for the District within which the Management Area lies.
6. Hunting will be permitted ONLY on that portion of the Management Areas open to hunting.

END.

WEE WILLY AND THE WORM

FROM FUN, FACTS 'N' FISHIN'

By DAVID TIDD

WEE WILLY SCHRODER was walking along the railroad track when he saw the worm. "Hello, Worm," said Willy. Willy (being only four years old) didn't realize that worms just don't talk. Well, sir, neither did the worm. So, he ups, and he say, "Hello, boy." Willy, having a scientific mind, says, "What's your name?" Well, the worm he seems to think a moment, and then he say, "Ambrose, I think." "You only think?" says Willy. "Doan you know you own name?" Well, Ambrose, he just kind of lays there for a minute and then a great big tear comes rolling right down out of both eyes, and he says, "I came from a big family, and since it was so big, they started off naming us kids, beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, and so on. I remember that I was the first born of one of the litters, but for the life of me, I can't remember which one it was."

Well, Wee Willy, he sits down by the worm, and he offers his suggestion. "Worm," Willy says, "why doan you ax one of you fambily what is you name?" This upset Ambrose something awful, and he just kind of ups and he goes all to pieces.

After a minute, he kind of regains control of hissef and he says, "Boy, I don't have any family. All of my brothers, all of my sisters are all dead. They're all gone up to that big apple in the sky. My mother and my father, they're all gone, too." And so, Ambrose begins his life story. "One day (I was out hunting for food), a terrible calamity befell our happy home. A man thing came into our neighborhood, and he began to dig. He dug, he dug, and then, he dug some more. He was digging fish worms, and he dug up all my family, except for me, and my brother Xavior. Xavior, through sheer will power, crawled ten feet just to tell me of our misfortune. He was in terrible shape. The shovel of the man had cut him something terrible, and he crawled all that way just to find me.

Just after he had told me, a bird spied he and I, and swooped down out of a tree and ate him. I narrowly escaped with my life, and then only by going into a hole in the tree." Wee Willy was deeply moved by this sad bit of oratory. He said to Ambrose, "What you goan do now, Ambrose?" Ambrose said, "I am going to wage war against the whole hooman race. Will you help me?"

Well sir, it didn't take Willy long to make up his mind, as he had just been spanked for putting paint in his little brother's hair (he just wanted to see what Baby would look like with purple hair).

"Worm," says Willy, "I'll help your great cause, because I feel your loss myself, and asides, I don't like pibble."

So, off our two stalwart warriors ment—beginning their great campaign against "the whole hooman race."

Wee Willy put Ambrose in a match box, along with his rock collection of rocks, and off they went. The first thing they saw which needed correcting was a man fishing. Wee Willy, he wakes up Ambrose and he says, "Amby, ol' boy, heah is a sityation which we need to fix up." Ambrose, of course agrees, since the man was using worms for bait.

Wee Willy sneaks up to the man and he think to himself, "This ol' man ain goan to like it iffen I take all his worms, so, I'll leave him my rock collection in exchange."

Just as Willy is about to exchange worms for rocks, the man turns around for more bait. "Well," he says, "if it ain't a young 'un." Will, his heart in his mouth, just stands there not saying a thing. "Say, ain't you Will Schroder's boy?" says the man. Willy, he says yes, and the man asks him if he wouldn't like to fish a little. Willy, he thinks a moment and he kind of figures, "If I use just one little old worm, I can maybe save hunnerts of them by putting two of them in my pocket when I use one for bait."

So Willy, he tells the man yes, he would like to fish a little. So Willy, he grabs up a pole and a worm and proceeds to put the worm on the hook. Willy, he fishes a little and catches a fish. Pretty soon he is catching so many fish that he forgets to put two worms in his pocket for each one he uses in baiting the hook. About this time, in order to try to get at the better fishing grounds, he climbs out on a limb over the water. Also, at about the same time, Ambrose chews his way out of his box and sees what Willy is doing.

"Aha," he says, "the whole hoomin race is composed of traitors."

Ambrose is not one to let an opportunity pass without taking advantage of it, so he too crawls out on the same branch as Willy. But Ambrose, he commences to chew. Putty soon the branch breaks and where is Willy? Up to his chin in water. That's where he is. It is needless to say that Willy doesn't appreciate this revoltin' development.

Well, at first Willy, he can't see why he fell in. But of a sudden, he sees it—Ambrose! Well, sir, Willy, he's so mad that he plumb forgets all about his vow to Ambrose. "Worm," says Willy, "your day is come!" and with that he commences to up and grab Ambrose and wring his neck, and after he wrings his neck, he commences to stomp and grind that nasty old worm plumb into the ground. He gets in about two good stomps and all of a sudden he stops. Willy has just received a fiendish idea! Will just reaches down and grabs what is left of poor old Amby's carcass and says to it, "You are sure goan to be mighty good fish bait!" And that's what Will did, he used Ambrose for fish bait— and did you know . . . that worm caught Willy the biggest fish to come out of that creek for years. And that record still stands. END

MUZZLE FLASHES

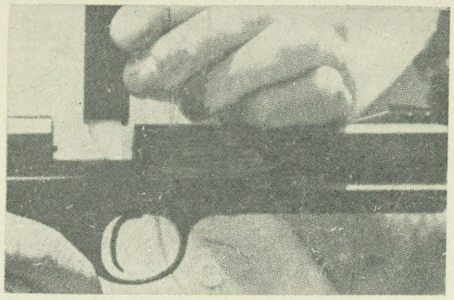
(Continued from Page 39)

new twenty-two. If the factory sight combination is changed, then the rear sight slot should be filled with a neat blank or a Lyman folding leaf, auxiliary sight.

The Winchester model 77, from its contrasting butt plate to its crowned muzzle is a neat rifle, with a smooth trigger pull that enables you to shoot it rapidly without disturbing your aim. The clip-loading style retails for $29.95; the tubular magazine design is $34.95. The tubular magazine catalog listing is far superior to the model 74 that Winchester has marketed of recent years, and better in appearance and stock fit and reliable functioning than the much higher priced model 63, both autoloading .22's in the Winchester line.

Gun designers and technicians obviously have been working hard. Next month some of the other new gun models will be presented. It's a safe bet that before hunting season officially opens you will be counting your savings in the piggy bank—for a new gun. END.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



YOU may be a firm believer in the cleaning of a gun's bore after each period of use, or you may be among the group that entrusts bore condition to the advertised protective qualities of the fouling deposits of non-corrosive primers in the ammunition used, but whatever your preference there will be numerous occasions when, for purpose of serious inspection, or out of sheer curiosity, you will want to examine your gun's bore.

To see the condition of the inside of any gun barrel you must get sufficient illumination throughout the length of the tube. Sometimes by holding a gun pointed towards a bright light (with bolt or breech block removed) clear vision can be obtained all along the barrel's length. But designs of certain types of gun actions and gun models may not permit direct vision examination from the breech end. In such cases, a coin, or even one's thumb nail, can be inserted in the action, near the chamber, to catch and reflect the light needed for bore inspection from the muzzle end. However, at best, these are makeshift methods for examining a gun's bore for, most assuredly, the lighting thus obtained will be either of low intensity, or spotty, or both.

Your gun bore examination can be a thorough one—with every particle of dirt, scratch or blemish visible to the naked eye—if you use the Universal Prismatic "Boreskope" featuring a light-gathering, retractable prism lens housed in a moisture and dust-proof plastic case. The "Boreskope" is so small and light in weight that it can be carried in any pocket like an ordinary small penknife. So carried, it is handy for accurately checking the condition of the bore of a rifle, shotgun or pistol at home, on the range and in the field. The only care you need to give the "Boreskope" is occasional cleaning with non-scratching optical tissue, and the cautious handling one usually gives to any precision optical instrument.

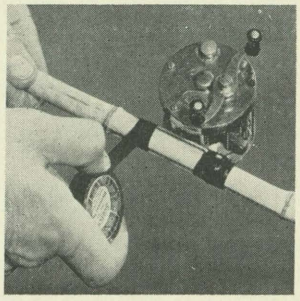
Use of the "Boreskope" is very simple. Just push a small, sliding button on one side of the plastic case to move the prism from its protective cover, and place the device in the breech of a gun with the prism's flat (top) surface facing the cartridge chamber and barrel. Direct barrel at a source of strong light and take a peek inside the "Boreskope's" plastic tube. The gun's bore, or rifling, will stand out sharply and be clearly revealed to your examining eye.

One size fits all types of rifles, all types of shotguns, and does an equally fine job on all styles of revolvers and autoloading pistols.

Especially valuable to gunsmiths, gun collectors, gun nuts who make a specialty of swapping firearms and to sporting goods dealers maintaining firearms' displays or accepting used guns as trade-ins on new models.

Use the "Boreskope" a few times and you'll probably give the accessory a personal valuation 'way above its cost; you'll find that the device makes the "old fashioned" way of squinting up a gun barrel dead forever!

$2.85, from J. G. Mundy, Collingdale, Penna., postpaid. A few Florida stores stock the "Boreskope"; more should, for the convenience of all, so practical is this firearms' accessory.



AN inexpensive yet one of the most useful accessories you can carry in your tackle box, motor boat or camping kit, or in your car, is a roll of outdoor grade "Scotch" plastic tape about ¾ of an inch wide. The new product should not be compared with ordinary sticky grit-catching friction or electrician's tape.

FWFT&T! finds "Scotch" plastic tape, as made by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, St. Paul, superior to any of the other all-purpose tapes field tested to date.

As a tackle box item, you will find "Scotch" plastic tape practical for many small tackle repair jobs and for creating time saving conveniences. Use it to lash a reel on a one-piece rod lacking a reel seat, or for fastening a flat-style reel seat to such a rod. Splits in rods can be quickly repaired by wrapping the area tightly with continuous, tension-applied bands of the ribbon plastic. Loose ferrules can be secured by starting a tape winding on the ferrule and letting the spirals overlap the point of connection, above and below. Emergency replacement of a broken line guide is a tape-wrapping job of only a couple of minutes, with the finished winding capable of taking just about any strain developed during a period of hard fishing. Shiny finish on certain tackle items is preserved by lining several compartments of the tackle box with strips of the plastic tape. Besides preventing scratches, the tape prevents compartment rusting by sealing out all moisture. Loose-end line, roughly wound on spools, can be prevented from snarling by simply securing the loose strands with short strips of plastic "Scotch" tape applied straight across the spools. Bottles of liquid, tubes of hooks, ointments and greases and other items having detachable tops can be effectively sealed against accidental spilling or gradual evaporation.

In the boating field, the Minnesota firm's product also has many uses. A loose rubber hand grip on an outboard motor tiller can be kept from coming off by fastening it with a few wraps of the tape, the tape's elasticity making it easy to apply a wrap conforming to possible irregular shape of a hand grip. (Before you tape that motor handle in place, however, remove the rubber hand grip and tape a couple of "emergency" shear pins on the metal body of the tiller, using a single spiral of the handy plastic; then slip the rubber hand grip back in place and secure it. You'll always have two extra shear pins available for bonafide emergencies.)

A water and oilproof patch for a tear in a plastic motor cover is easily made with strips of outdoor grade "Scotch" tape. Apply the tape without stretching to get wrinkle-free results.

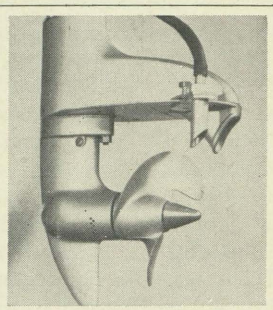
For oar handles that are rough and apt to raise a crop of blisters on the hands of persons using them, apply neat spirals of the plastic tape under considerable tension. Comfortable, neat-appearing hand grips will be yours.

Wrappings of the gas and oil resistant tape will also help the neoprene hose of a storage gasoline can at the points where most wear occurs. Wrapping prevents abrasion and can also serve as a patch for a leak in the hose itself.

Golfing readers know that long drives and accurate putts require perfect control of clubs and that control begins with the proper grip. Wrapping golf club handles with spirals of stretchy, self-sealing "Scotch" plastic tape will give them a comfortable, smooth and non-slip grip. Club head windings can be made with the tape, too.

The foregoing are merely suggested uses for the handy plastic tape; you'll use it for many more.

Look for the item in hardware and sporting goods stores; by brand name it is known as "Scotch" 33 Plastic Tape. 79¢ in sealed rolls ¾"x260".



IF you've ever hand-bailed a boat already containing a volume of water accumulated from rain, spray or a slow leak, you are familiar with the fact that boat-bailing by hand rightly comes under the category of hard work. But few small boats, particularly, can be operated without owners having to bail them out at intervals; seemingly, this necessary chore cannot be dodged.

However, if your small craft is outboard motor powered, there is a simple and inexpensive solution for you—an automatic jet power bailer, product of Jet Bailer, Inc., 220 West Center Street, Cedarsburg, Wisconsin. With it you can rapidly drain off rain, leakage and spray water without having to do the bailing or pumping by hand.

The Jet Bailer can be quickly attached to any outboard motor having a cavitation plate, and, once installed, may be left on permanently. The automatic pump starts to work the minute the motor's propeller starts spinning and works all the time the propeller is moving.

In making the required, simple installation the water exhaust end of the bailer is attached to the motor's cavitation plate with a supplied clamp, or by mounting it perma-

nently with a bolt inserted in a hole drilled through the cavitation plate. An intermediate clamp for the length of attached hose may be positioned at the point of the motor's splash plate, if desired. The bailer operates entirely as a separate unit and does not interfere with motor operation in any way. FWFT&T! suggests giving the Jet Bailer permanent mounting on the motor and then simply removing the rubber hose when storing the motor or using it under conditions not requiring the operation of the automatic bailer.

The Jet Bailer comes in a complete kit, ready for installation in a matter of minutes, and, when operating, empties a water-ladened craft at the rate of four gallons per minute. $2.95, direct from the manufacturer, address above.

THE GRAY SQUIRREL

(Continued from Page 7)

In this "Know Your Wildlife" series, we tried to emphasize that every kind of creature plays its part in Nature's scheme. One should not brand an animal as "bad" or "undesirable" simply because it is a predator or because it conflicts occasionally with man's interests. Many a creature performs some important service which is not immediately obvious, and of which even the outdoorsman may be unaware. This is true of the gray squirrel. During the autumn, the squirrel buries a great many acorns and hickory nuts, hiding them under leaf mold or other litter on the forest floor. Later on, in winter when food is scarce, it will recover some of the nuts. However, it hides a lot more than it ever finds again, and most of the hidden nuts sprout into young trees when spring arrives. Now we all know that hardwood saplings rarely thrive directly under the parent tree, which blocks off the sunlight and which takes up so much of the soil minerals. Really successful, continued hardwood growth is assured only if the nuts or seeds can be carried well away from the parent tree; then at least a few of them will have a chance of maturing. Some hardwoods, like the maple and the ash, get around this problem by producing winged seeds which are carried a short distance by winds; but the oaks, hickories, beech, chestnut, and many others are spread almost entirely by squirrels. Of course, the squirrel does not plant nuts just to make timber for man's use; it doesn't even consciously plant them for its own use. It simply behaves instinctively, and, in so doing, assures a supply of nut trees for future generations of squirrels. The trees really need the squirrels, and the squirrels need the trees.

The gray squirrel is dependent upon forests not only for food but for safety and shelter as well. Although visiting the ground frequently, the squirrel dashes up the nearest trunk when danger threatens. The nest is built in the trees, also. It may be an "outside" nest of twigs and leaves in a crotch of branches, or an "inside" one constructed in a hollow tree trunk. The gray squirrel spends most of the day hiding in the nest, and comes out to feed largely during the early morning and late evening. Gray squirrels sometimes feed on bright moonlight nights, too; this fact does not seem to be well kown.

The young are generally born in an "outside" nest. They usually number four or five, occasionally six, and sometimes only two or three. In Florida two broods of young are often produced each year.

The gray squirrel has several call notes, most of them rather harsh and rasping. One of these, vaguely cat-like, apparently gave rise to the vernacular name of "cat squirrel." The calls are often heard in the woods, especially during the morning and evening hours. Indeed, the "bark" of the squirrel is one of the most characteristic sounds of the live-oak hammocks and the swamp forests of our state. Let us hope that the gray squirrel, the hammocks, and the forests will remain with us for many decades to come.

END.

SPARE THE MARSH

(Continued from Page 25)

tically averted a civil war, as sportsmen and resort owners had become somewhat less than friendly.

MacNamara has not completely licked the mosquito problem yet, but he's on his way. When I was at the Tuckahoe Marsh in early September, I got stung a few times. However, the mosquitoes that nibbled me, I am convinced, came from the unimpounded part of the marsh which abounds with unlovely mud flats. If the entire Tuckahoe Marsh ever gets the full treatment, it will be one of the greatest migratory waterfowl setups along the middle North Atlantic coast. And the mosquitoes will be pretty well stamped out for there won't be any place for them to breed.

All coastal marshes are not the same, of course, and what applies to the Tuckahoe region in New Jersey, although applicable to Florida, would not, of necessity, be followed in every detail in the Sunshine State. However, the principal of impoundment and controlled fluctuation is the same, and these methods can certainly be applied to control of mosquitoes in Florida marshes.

One of two types of impoundment control can be used in this state. In the case of the Tuckahoe program, an area of salt water marsh and mud flats was transformed into a series of fresh water ponds by diking. Natural drainage filled up the impounded areas with fresh water, and control did the rest.

This system has already been applied in Florida at the St. Marks National Wildlife Refuge along the Gulf Coast near Tallahassee. Here some 7,000 acres of fresh water impoundments have been created, mainly to raise additional aquatic foods for the large flock of Canada geese that winters at the refuge.

These impoundments never were created as a mosquito control measure, nor for the introduction of game fish, but they've done both, especially in the matter of fish. I've visited St. Marks during the early summer, and if there were any mosquitoes around the impounded areas, I'd have known it. (I'm the mosquito bait type). The fresh water fishing, mainly for bass, crappie and bluegill, is excellent.

Oddly enough, fresh water marshes along Florida's coasts are not as common as one might suppose. Transforming them into fresh water impoundments will not only abate the mosquito nuisance, it will produce excellent waterfowl habitat and game fish.

With such a setup, nobody loses. True, it costs money to build dikes and control gates, but once the job is done, the major expense is finished. With a drainage or spraying program, the expense is never ending, which has been pointed out before.

During my inspection of Tuckahoe, MacNamara explained that his impoundment system works equally well with salt water marshes. The salt water arrangement works like this:

The incoming tide, rushing through the control gates of an impoundment floods the enclosed area. The gates are then shut, thereby sealing off the closed area. From then on it's a case of letting salt water in or out as desired.

Of course the vegetation and fish in a salt water impoundment are different than those produced in a fresh water area. However, in either fresh or salt water impoundments, you have areas producing a mini-

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

mum of mosquitoes as contrasted with the same areas which were virulent insect producers prior to impoundment.

This impoundment method of insect control requires the combined talents of both engineers and biologists. It is assumed Florida has both. With proper teamwork, the mosquito nuisance can be most certainly abated with no damage to waterfowl or fish habitat. As a matter of fact, a well conceived and executed impoundment program could well result in more ducks and fish.

It certainly would be a switch indeed if mosquitoes were the cause of improving duck hunting and fishing in Florida. As a well known comedian sometimes says on TV when confronted by a somewhat skeptical audience:

"It's possible." END.

BOAT-A-CADE

(Continued from Page 27)

key environs in the state are along the Boat-a-Cade route. The river marsh—usually a mile to two miles wide—is open country, but hunters will have to check with landowners when they step on high ground.

The Boat-a-Cade churns through good gator and otter country, to say the least. It's a natural for 'coon, 'possum, wild boar, and wildcat. The unwanted armadillo is a recent resident. For those who rather carry a camera than a gun anyway, the Kissimmee leaves nothing lacking. If pappa has his mind more on what can fill the game bag come hunting season, mama and the toeheads will enjoy the various species of water birds, for the Boat-a-Cade can be enjoyed as a family, too.

Lake Okeechobee is a story of its own, of course. Not only one of the best fishing areas in America, it also winters many waterfowl. Not to be outdone, the St. Lucie and the Caloosahatchee offer excellent fresh water fishing toward the lake and good tarpon and snook angling near their saltwater outlets.

All in all, for those people who have longingly studied maps of the Florida hinterlands, or with almost painful envy listened to the wondrous tales of old time sportsmen—and have somehow still hesitated to plunge into the wild recesses of the middle and lower peninsula, the Boat-a-Cade could well be the first step in finding their own "private" fishing holes and hunting haunts.

And for those worried over the spoiling of this unspoiled paradise, there's something encouraging. The entire valley is currently under intensive study by Commission biologists to determine how it can be even bettered as a fish and wildlife habitat. This work is in cooperation with the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, which is taking the state's part in solving the area's major water problems. Drouth could devastate this last frontier worse than man himself could.

Because of these measures the "Dark Continent" promises to remain the kind of country that can quicken a man's pulse—especially when he cuts his boat through the early morning shadows on the wild, winding Kissimmee. END.

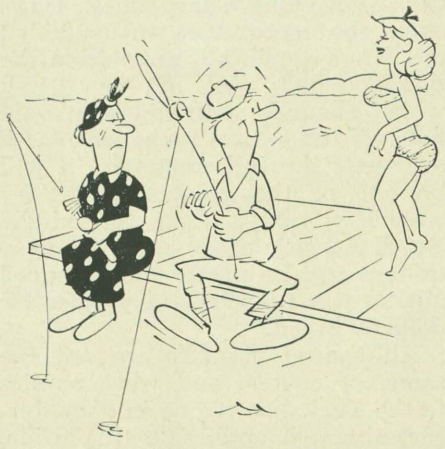
ASSIGNMENT ALLIGATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

noises with his mouth. "What's he doing?" I asked.

"He's mimicking a female gator," someone answered. Granberry's deception proved a success. The gator continued swimming toward the boat, skimming the surface looking for the source of the female sound.

When they were close enough, Beach and Granberry tossed the rope around the reptile and started tightening it up. The gator resisted by twisting and jumping around in the water, his massive strength virtually tipping the boat to a 75-degree angle. Lodged alongside the boat, he lashed and kicked the craft with his whippet-like tail, smashing it repeatedly against the boat. His jaws opened and closed with tremendous fury, causing outbursts of foam to fly up from the water.



"Start the kicker!" yelled Granberry. "Maybe I can hold him long enough to tow him to shore." With the gator battling them every inch of the way, Beach and Granberry managed to hold him behind the chugging boat until reaching shore.

With the gator lying half submerged in shallow water with the noose still locked around his body, Beach cautioned Granberry. "Remember to look out for his tail. It'll cut you to ribbons if you don't."

This was my first chance to get a good look at the gator. It was a perfectly-formed eight foot specimen and the water splashing along its back gave the contrasting black and yellow rattlesnake-colors a glistening, shiny appearance.

The gator was yanked farther onto shore where he took a couple of furious lunges at Granberry who was trying to get a rope around his dangerous jaws. Blood was streaming down the gator's body where the mashing jaws had ripped into each other during the savage fight.

Granberry circled behind the reptile, knowing he'd be literally torn to pieces if the gator hit him with any part of his body. Also knowing that only the gator's top jaw moves, Granberry hurled himself on the gator's back, circled his arms around the jaws and threw a rope around them. The thrashing, destructive tail whipped at him savagely.

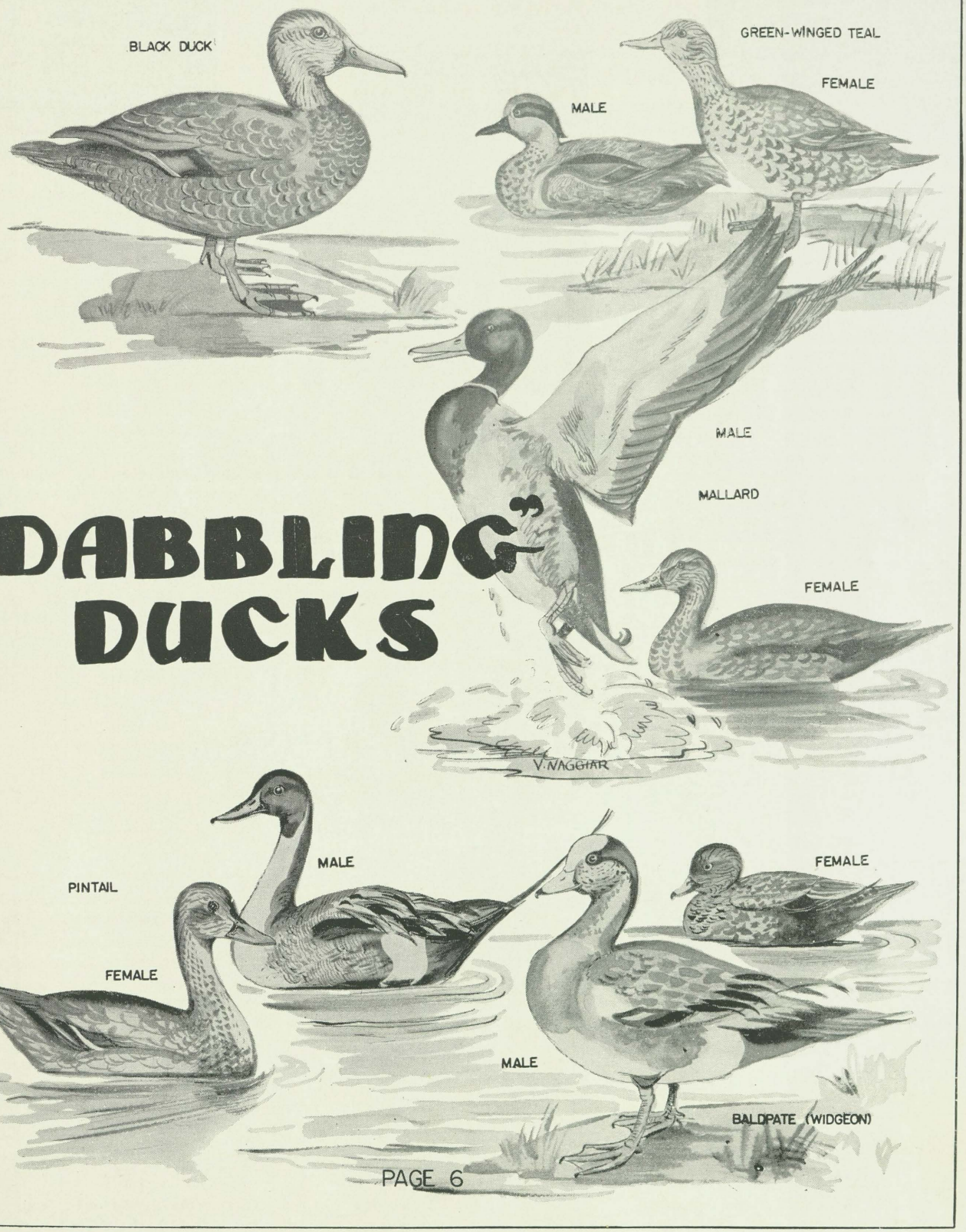
The gator spun around furiously, nearly locking Granberry beneath him. With a lunge, Granberry shifted his weight to his legs and flipped the gator back around below him with his knees straddling the reptile. Beach threw another rope around the deadly jaws and the toughest part of the battle was over.

With Beach straddling the gator's neck and head, Granberry tied the feet and connected the ropes between the jaws and the feet. The fight was finished. The gator was wrapped up just like a Christmas package, but it was one present no one would have welcomed under his tree. The gator was taken from Lake Gear to its new home, the Orange County Wildlife Department, where the dynamic fighting gator is still on exhibition.

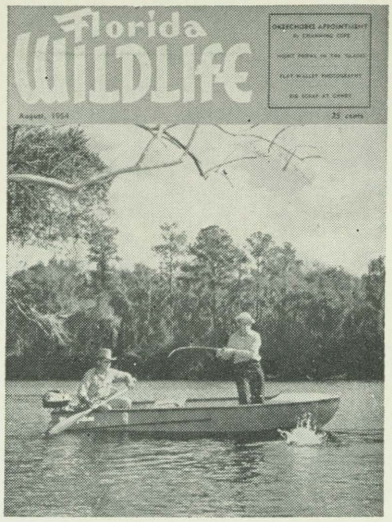
John Beach and Stan Granberry got their gator and Tom Dewberry's pictures show that this is one gator who won't make the headlines again with "gator bites man." END.

The climate of Florida is such that no cabbage palmetto in any section of the state has ever been damaged by cold weather.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S SCRAPBOOK



"DABBLING" DUCKS



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